

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Last Wednesday evening while waiting for a homeward bound train from Montreal, I walked and roamed about the city for two or three hours, and was surprised at the large number of free institutions for the use of the poor—mission halls, reading-rooms, gymnasiums, free dispensaries, free hospitals for women, and schools which are supported by the Protestants and yet are really the public schools of the city. In the latter, over sixteen thousand French Catholic children are in attendance, according to the report of the secretary, and thousands more would attend if the buildings would accommodate them. All this is being done by the non-Catholic minority at their own expense, and, excepting the schools, are free to all. In the latter, however, a fee is charged to supplement the meagre grant allowed by the Government, amounting to about one-fourth of the taxes the non-Catholics pay to the general school fund, the other three-fourths being used for the so-called public, but in reality Catholic, schools, which are managed by the clergy and are of an inferior sort, or so many Catholic children would not be attending the Protestant schools, which are in fact non-sectarian. Yet this school system is continually being used as an argument showing the toleration of the majority in Quebec!

However, the school system is not what I started in to talk about. Brotherly kindness and generosity in giving to benevolent institutions are very frequently a result amongst those who suffer from the one-sidedness of the laws of any country. No such gifts have been made to hospitals or public institutions in this province as the donations of the rich men of Montreal to the hospitals and university of that city. Of course there is not as much wealth in Toronto as there is in the largest city of Canada, but even in proportion to the ability of our wealthy men to give, they are far behind in their gifts when compared with those who have made conspicuous the institutions of which I have spoken in the chief city of Quebec. Probably the minor institutions are more conspicuous in Montreal than they are here, but certainly they are more accessible, and with their brightly lighted windows and open doors invite the poor to enter. In Toronto our charitable institutions are run by big boards of trustees or directors, and are really too awful in their solidity to attract the poor.

The Province of Quebec, I feel safe in predicting, within the next ten or fifteen years will rid itself of the tithe system, will reconstruct its educational fabric and try to keep step with the other provinces of the Dominion. The compulsory payment of a portion of one's crops or income to a church has a deadening effect upon all the impulses which, when cultivated by voluntary giving, are so generous and ennobling. As the light begins to shine in Quebec the people see that they are out of date, and they are beginning to regard their priests as taskmasters who, instead of building good roads, take all the available public funds for erecting magnificent churches. The reaction will very likely be sudden and the overthrow of clerical power complete. The victory of Mr. Laurier has united the people and has made them feel proud and hopeful, and impatient of the unreasonable restraints of the clergy. Should the system of tithes be overthrown, the church will receive but very meagre support for years thereafter, for the people who have only given what they were forced to give will, until educated as the Roman Catholics of this province are, give little or nothing.

An example of how difficult it will be to maintain the churches under such circumstances, was afforded at the inception of the French-Canadian church in Toronto. The people from the Lower Province resident here, having been relieved from tithes and finding themselves free to do as they liked with regard to supporting the church, gave almost nothing, and though it is doing better now, for years it actually starved. In this matter all the churches should find a lesson proving the absolute emptiness of compulsory forms of religion. The religion taught by secular teachers in public schools is a feature of this "take it whether you like it or not" policy. Exemption from taxation is another form of the same coercive idea. Resistance of Sunday cars is a still more violent attempt to make people go to church and put their money in the plate. It is an invariable rule in history that all such attempts to compel people to conform to clerical ideas are futile. Voluntary goodness is the only goodness there is. Unhindered enjoyment of civil liberties is the only means of inducing respect for religious leaders and spiritual matters. As Quebec is backward, except in Montreal, where a powerful minority resists the rule of the Roman Catholic clergy, so Toronto is failing to the rear of the procession of great cities because the civil liberties of the people are hindered by more or less intolerant Protestant clerics and those who support them in their restrictive ideas.

Dox.

It will be found somewhat difficult to inspire a holy and patriotic revolution in Canada by ringing the changes on the fact that our Governor-General did not comply with a request to sign a paper appointing John Jones lighthouse-keeper at Podunk, and John Smith Indian agent at Lone Dog Gulch. In failing to contribute to the happiness of Jones and Smith, the Governor-General perhaps merits their dis-

pleasure, but why the rest of us should bleed and die in their war is not quite clear. If Lord Aberdeen, in refusing to sign those appointments, had appointed men chosen and imported by himself from abroad, then we might all justly draw our swords and consecrate our lives to the jeopardized liberties of our country. But there is not a single jeopardy on the whole landscape. I never knew them to be so scarce at this season of the year. Summed up in a sentence, Lord Aberdeen merely acted as stakeholder in the great gambling match into which the rival political parties adventured. He is, under the constitution, official stakeholder in such hazards. In a dispute as to the possession of certain accumulations of pap, Lord Aberdeen was the arbitrator. To put it another way, the claimant to an estate, finding that the court had awarded the property to another, went straightway in the night and sought to burn the buildings, maim the cattle, cut the harness, stuff the chimneys and despoil the pantries and cellars, but a constable, chancing to pass by,

appellation of "John A." was found in the case of a great politician to turn easily off the tongue and to accost the ear gratefully. Presently, through over-use, John A. will grow as threadbare and become as tiresome as Mary Ann, which was no doubt once regarded as a sweet combination of sounds. There is a great deal in a name—in the mere sound of a name. A man belonging to the family of Smith requires to expend enough genius in overcoming this handicap to make a more fortunately named person famous. Possibly had Goldwin Smith been baptized John we should never have heard of him, and perhaps had his family name been Goldwin he might have been Premier of Great Britain and owned a winner of the Derby. We have only to think of the names that are best known in this country to be impressed with the idea that there is something in the sound of one's name. Once a boy was baptized Dominic Edward Blake. Had he offered himself to the world as Mr. D. E. Blake he would have passed unnoticed; had he offered himself as Mr. Dominic Blake he would have had to

forms, those of negro messengers who, coming successively with bad news from the scene of battle, were at once cut down by the sword of the impatient tyrant who, in the picture, forever gazes east and waits for the tidings the next messenger may bring. Critics say that this is the only picture of any merit that Du-Noy has produced, that it is not a great painting, but strongly theatrical. The idea of it was secured from a story by Theophile Gautier. Whether it is great or not, it has always been a picture that fascinated me. It tells its story with such wonderful vividness that I think it will survive all the principles of art that come into conflict with it. Art! Is it not tradition, and nothing more, that gives us the limits of Art, as we designate the results of the pastime and trade of painting? What does it mean but that the past times are to place trammels upon the present time, and the present time is to hamper and retard the future years with axioms and restraints of one sort and another? When a painter produces a picture he must, to

flesh as are portrayed on canvas by the Van Hams and the Van Cutlets who gorged and grew immortal as portraitists in Holland long ago, it goes to prove that the human race has since then greatly improved and the monkey theory becomes untenable. Great ox-eyed dames they are, with eye-brows circling like rainbows all over their foreheads, hands like the mits that baseball catchers use, and lips shaped in a way that Nature ever scorns to imitate, however freakish her mood. To such "masterpieces" your art student must bow down. Whatever may be his true feeling, he must not withhold lip-worship or he will be thrown to the lions. He must mumble words of adoration. If he should revolt and paint what his soul bids him he must starve and die, but after the lapse of a century his works will be discovered, he will be set up as an idol and his skull will freeze the marrow of genius in centuries to come. The more thoroughly he can terrify and congeal the sap in the hearts of succeeding generations of art students, the more glorious and extended his fame. It is a thing of death's heads and fetishes, burning of witches, symbols and charms, is this Art.

Photography does not belong to the Art that uses a big A, yet if a photographer had been present on the Hill of Calvary where would be all our Art? Think it over.

It could never have taken the shape that it has followed. For that matter, however, had there been a man with a camera on that hill-side nineteen hundred years ago, perhaps not one chapter of the history of the world would have been written as it now is.

Here is a brief passage from a speech delivered at Owen Sound just before the recent by-election, and now that the contest is over and everything is quiet it may not be out of place to consider it:

I am not talking politics, but business. I want to ask you: What have you Owen Sounders to lose by electing Mr. Paterson? (Cries of Nothing!) What have you to gain by electing Mr. McLaughlin? (Renewed cries of Nothing!) You say "Nothing," what is the point you must keep before you? Do you want a shrunken commerce, a decaying population, a lessened sphere of influence, or do you want the opposite? Shall Owen Sound stagnate for five years to come, or perhaps ten years to come; or will you have the sympathy of a government at your back? You will not, in any event, have a man in office, but to have the active sympathy of a government is one thing, and to have only cold justice is another thing.

One would naturally suppose that this open attempt to bribe and intimidate the electorate of a large town on the eve of an election would be the work of some irresponsible and indiscreet partisan, but it is Hon. Arthur Sturgis Hardy, Premier of Ontario, who made the speech from which the quotation is made. "Shall Owen Sound stagnate?" OR "will you have the sympathy of a government at your back?" I do not intend to go into this matter at all, but merely desire to put this fragment of Premier Hardy's speech before the reader in such a way that it may be preserved. I see that the magazine editors are in agony of mind over the fact that one of Lincoln's speeches has been lost, and I wish to do my little share to prevent a like calamity in the case of the statesman who is at present Premier of Ontario. The English language would suffer, the chaste record of our politics would be incomplete were this gem lost to us.

The Members of Parliament, Reform and Conservative, good and bad, big and little, are at present engaged in a deliberate swindling of the people of this Dominion. They are indulging in sham debates and killing time so that the session may be drawn out over thirty days and entitle each Member and Senator to the full sessional indemnity of one thousand dollars. The Members seem anxious to reimburse themselves for the money spent in the recent campaign, and so far Sir Oliver Mowat appears to be the only man who objects to raiding the treasury—Sir Oliver, who entered the Senate and therefore has no election expenses. If the House sits for twenty-nine days the total cost to the country, at the rate of ten dollars per man per day, will be \$39,682, while if the House sits for thirty-one days, each man may legally demand one thousand dollars, so that two days of Parliament will cost the country \$24,318. Small economists who are always condemning the extravagance of maintaining Rideau Hall, might well consider this greater evil. Cheeseparing writers and speakers insist that the Governor-General's salary should be cut down to one-fourth its size, yet our Members of Parliament openly and confessedly prolong an almost unnecessary session of Parliament for the express purpose of distributing a quarter of a million dollars of public funds among themselves. The session held earlier in the year was spun out deliberately in order that the Members of Parliament might draw a full sessional allowance, although the after-happenings of the session proved that the alarm lest it should not survive twenty-nine days was groundless. Twice in one year we have seen special sessions of Parliament called, and twice the Members of Parliament have shown themselves a puny lot of money-hunters, squabbling and fussing to prolong trifling items of business so that they could draw full sessional pay—and the excess pay drawn in the two sessions amounts to \$488,636. Talk about the Langevin block, and the brass dogs, and the Curran bridge, but here is a wholesale piece of thievery that beats them all in the effrontery with which it is done, and is more alarming than any other, because every man in public life at Ottawa is taking his share of the plunder, not one having the courage to stand up in the House and condemn the steal.

The leaders of the opposing parties know



MR. S. T. CHURCH,
Founder Church's Auto-Voce School. Removing to England in 1897.

observed his intent and throwing him to the ground casually said: "I will sit on you thus until the real owner comes at daylight. I have no precise license to sit on you, but if I am exceeding my duty you may complain to the proprietor of this estate in the morning." Sir Charles tried to sweep the estate with fire and leave Mr. Laurier bleak fields and an empty larder. The whole controversy is one that is important only to politicians, and of no consequence, financial, social or moral, to the People of Canada, since the action of the Governor-General neither lost nor gained the People a cent, nor gave nor took away even the shadow of a right. The power of the Premier to make certain appointments was not contested, but deferred, if we regard the Premiership in the aspect of a continuous office. The Crown did not encroach upon the People—it restrained a rejected chief of the people from wreaking revenge for his rejection, and gave the will of the people a speedier effect than it might have had. The Crown prevented an irresponsible and presumably angry gentleman from doing desperate things in the night that intervened between the Tupper day and the Laurier morrow. We cannot, therefore, be expected to arm ourselves and go forth to slay and be slain because John Jones didn't get the job of keeping the lighthouse, and John Smith that of Indian agent. Some other patriots will get these jobs. There is no reason to believe that Lord Aberdeen desires to give these sinecures to his two sons.

During the past twenty years thousands of children in Canada have received the baptismal name of John Alexander, chiefly because the

spend half his life explaining the name, but coming as Edward Blake strength came with him, and men stood aside unconsciously to let him go first—the man designated by three well-poised strong syllables. Oliver Mowat is a good name, but whether the little gentleman who owns it could have accomplished as much had he been called James will never be known. Whether D'Alton McCarthy's reputation is due to his talent or to his apostrophe is open to argument. N. Clarke Wallace has made the most of the name that fell to him, for Mr. Nathaniel Wallace could never have made Rome shake on her seven hills. To pass from politicians to preachers, take Rev. Manly Benson. Here is a name that lifts its possessor in spite of himself. Rev. Elliott Rowe came to the city a stranger, but his name picked him up and nearly put him into Parliament in spite of the cloth he wore. He will require to use the utmost vigilance to keep his name out of politics, for it is one that seems coined for the purpose. It is one of those names that sound familiar in your ears the first time you hear it. It takes a heap of brains to make up for a bad "christening." I have only disturbed the surface of this great question, but the reader may go deeper into it for himself.

In the last issue of *McClure's* appears an article on French art in which there is a small reproduction of a painting by Du-Noy, Bearers of Bad Tidings. It represents one of the Pharaohs reclining beneath an awning on the battlements of his palace, his jaw set, gazing grimly out over the dim roofs of the city, towards the east, where a battle is supposed to be in progress. On the stone flooring lie three

prove that his subject is legitimate, show that some other artist treated a similar subject; to prove that his use of colors and his "manner" are artistic, he must be prepared to show that other artists made use of them. And so the artists march forever around a ring, those of the nineteenth century trying as best they can to attain the results reached by those who lived in the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries. If a boy is born with a genius for painting he is packed off to Europe for seven years, where he studies with various masters devoid of genius, and the heaven-born instincts of the youth are burned out of him with acids and scored over with erasers. He is dragged about from one gallery to another to see what are, and his education is not completed until he admits that art is what they tell him it is, whereas the fact may have been that this poor machine-compressed youth was in the first instance sent from heaven to reveal unto man what Art is. The intuitions of a genius born in the early morning glow of the twentieth century are all hammered out of the youth and in their place he is forced to adopt the spirit and imitate the effects approximated by one Peanutt who made rude caricatures of his fellow creatures four or five hundred years ago. He is not allowed to exhibit anything in public until he becomes a docile copyist of his master, who was himself an abject copyist of his master, and so on back forever, the art of painting having always progressed under protest.

We are expected to rave over the portraits painted hundreds of years ago by soggy old Dutchmen. If such women ever lived in

that the Conservatives of the country will blame the Reform Government, and that the Reformers of the country will blame the Conservative Opposition, and so both will escape chastisement. The fact is, both parties are united in this fraud upon the nation, every man in the House profits by it and participates in the blame of it, but all will escape censure by stirring up a quarrel as to which "party" was guilty. The serried ranks of simpletons who line up as partisans will take up the dispute, and the real facts will be obscured. The really significant thing is that in the whole Parliament of Canada there does not seem to be one man who can be depended upon to oppose the theft of \$250,000 from the public treasury if he is offered \$700 to look on and keep his mouth shut.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

We have all been more or less patriotic, enthusiastic, and civically loyal this week. The welcome to the Canada on Monday was a charmingly spontaneous effusion, and there was nothing wanting in exquisite weather, hearty feeling and emphatic expression to add lustre to the home-coming of the dear, trim little boat which had won us the trophy. Mr. Jarvis and his crew were assailed by a varied symphony of whistles, cheers, bells, and gunpowder, as they swept ahead of the great Oriole, magnificent and stately, the neat Cleopatra, the crowded Tynon, the bustling Cruiser, and a procession of decorated crafts of all sorts and sizes, from the tall-masted yacht to the tiny Archibald canoe, surely the veriest little butterfly of a float that ever danced on a summer sea. Everyone caught the fever and cheered, and waved, and made complimentary remarks. Hanlan waved a greeting from his shell, his white teeth showing in a friendly grin at the Canada; the war-canoe darted through the crowd of boats with many wet paddles flashing in the sun; the Corona screeched her welcome, showing wonderful lung-power for an invalid; the Argonaut gig steered wildly in triumph; the Fort bank was capped by a cheering line of red-coats—everything that could make any sort of noise made itself heard, and what more could be done to show the Canada our admiration? After dinner the crowd thronged the Pavilion to see the trophy and the crew, and speeches were made by all and sundry, and the inevitable bouquet was presented through Alderman Hallam to Mr. Fernside, the Hamilton member of the crew. The captain and the crew speak most highly of the Toledo people and aver that their treatment was of the kindest and most sportsmanlike. Captain Berriman of the Venedor, (which is pronounced Ven-ee-dor,) should have found his right ear burning on Monday.

During the afternoon, when the Bay presented such a charming picture of animation, the like of which has not been seen since the days of Hanlan's triumphant return from his victories, Commodore Lee of the Cruiser, assisted by his genial officers, did everything in his power to make a pleasant afternoon for the reception committee of the City Council, and succeeded in making one and all feel thoroughly at home on board the smart little yacht. A very happy party had come out to grace the occasion, among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. Burdette Lee, Mr. and Mrs. George Kappelle, Mrs. MacMurphy, Mrs. Lee George, Miss Nellie Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. John Macoun, the Misses Macdonald, and a large number of others. The Cruiser had the distinct honor of receiving on board victorious Rear Admiral Jarvis and his happy crew. After congratulations loud and hearty, all went below, and in the dainty little cabin a right royal reception was tendered the victors. Songs and speeches were heartily indulged in, the ladies being glad participants in the events of the afternoon, and, as a pretty maid remarked, "She wished the Canada would return victorious once a week, each time bringing with her the same handsome skipper and crew." And were such a thing possible the Cruiser and its courteous officers would, as in this case, be found ready with a gracious welcome.

The recent disturbances in Cuba have been watched with more than common interest by a number of Cobourg's most popular residents, and the appeals for assistance on behalf of the sick and wounded in Cuba have been nobly responded to. Largely owing to the efforts of Señor and Mde. de Diaz Albertini, assisted by Col. S. G. Cornell of Buffalo, and his son and daughter, Dr. P. C. Cornell and Miss Cornell, a concert of rare merit was given in the Town Hall at Cobourg last Monday night, with the object of raising funds to relieve those who were known to be in want in Cuba. The worthy character of the undertaking, no less than the widely known ability of the ladies and gentlemen who had charge of it, crowded the hall with the leading people of Cobourg and vicinity. Mde. de Diaz Albertini was in excellent voice and sang splendidly. When recalled she gave a beautiful little ballad, with violin obligato by Mr. Brigham. Mr. S. G. Cornell, so well known to Torontonians, was particularly happy in his selections, and as usual responded to a number of encores. With Dr. P. C. Cornell he made a decided hit in their musical sketch. A burlesque was played, The Two Buzzards, which is bright and clever and abounds in interesting situations. Mde. Albertini gave unbounded pleasure to the audience by her finished acting, and Col. Cornell displayed genuine histrionic ability. A grand march was very prettily arranged, the costumes simple but very effective, and the grouping excellent. The ladies taking part were, of course, just as pretty as they could be. The whole affair was so thoroughly successful that those who originated the idea and carried it through deserve to be heartily congratulated.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Gunther, uncle of Miss Frederika Gunther, the bride-elect of next week, the marriage will be a quiet one, only the relatives and a few friends being bidden. Many kind thoughts and congratulations will be bestowed upon popular Mr. Jack Laidlaw and his bride, who have each the knack of winning and keeping the love and esteem of their friends, and after their tour, which will be rather an extended one, they will be warmly welcomed back to Toronto society. I regret to

hear that Mr. Gunther's health gives cause for the gravest anxiety, and has rendered all plans for this marriage quite unsettled.

Friday week and Friday fortnight were de-lightfully spent by the residents of Long Branch and their friends. On the latter date the masquerade ball was given in a beautifully decorated pavilion and the following characters were represented: Mrs. Carveth, Lady of the 16th Century; Miss Jackes, Evening Star; Miss Lillian Jackes, Japanese; Miss Stanway, Nurse; Miss Edith Stanway, Duchess of Marlborough; Miss Tottie Stan-way, Baby; Miss Kelso, Student; Miss Tenant, Student; Mrs. Norman Allan, Nurse; Miss Porte, Spanish Girl; Miss Butt, Sun-flower; Miss White, Spanish Girl; Miss Blanche White, Night; Miss Dora L. Murtry, Nurse; Miss Lena Heyes, Nurse; Miss Clarke, Britannia; Miss Bessie Clarke of Hamilton, Vivandiere; Miss Stuart, Unity; Miss Violet Stuart, Red Riding Hood; Miss Helen Carveth, Summer; Miss Freda Monk-house, Gypsy; Miss Gourlay, Shepherdess; Miss Helm, Japanese; Miss Croft, Night; Miss Wallace, Gypsy; Mrs. Macdonald, Portia; Mrs. Jackes, Spanish Lady; Mr. J. Follett, Cowboy; Mr. Bud Stone, Irish Policeman; Master Herbert Carveth, Clown; Mr. Horace Jackes, Spaniard; Mr. Harry Kelso, Li Hung Chang; Mr. H. A. Bruce, George III.; Mr. Hector Carveth, West Indian; Mr. W. Rushmer White, Irish Nobleman (Bowery style); Mr. Watty Wynder, Captain of Q.O.R.: Mr. Dick Wynder, Lord Chumley; Mr. W. Carlyle, 48th Highlander; Mr. F. McMullin, Q.O.R.: Mr. H. Beers, Mrs. Muldoon; Mr. W. S. MacKay, Captain Q. O. R.: Dr. Wilson, Pirate of Penzance; Mr. C. White of Woodstock, Sailor; Mr. C. Breckinridge, Shepherd; Mr. F. Aylesworth, Cavalier; Mr. Joe Hughes, Waggles; Mr. Walter Allan, Turncoat, and a host of others. On Friday of last week the grand wind-up of the season was a most enjoyable dance, at which a large number of Toronto people put in an appearance. Special cars were run.

Mr. A. Nelson Burns, son of Mr. Alexander Burns of Dundas street, was married at eleven o'clock on September 1, to Miss Louie E. Chambers, daughter of Rev. A. B. Chambers, in the New Richmond Methodist church, of which the reverend gentleman is pastor. Mr. Burns is well known as a football player and a popular employee of Gordon, Mackay & Co. Miss Chambers has for four years been organist of the church. Miss Chambers' bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Juanita Chambers, and Miss Nellie Dunbar. The best man was Mr. W. Burns of New York, brother of the groom, and the bride's usher Mr. R. W. Anglin of Kingston. The ushers were Messrs. James Burns and J. K. Chambers. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, after which Mr. and Mrs. Burns left on the afternoon boat for the St. Lawrence. On their return they will take up house at 289 Lisgar street, where Mrs. Burns will hold post-nuptial receptions on September 15, 16 and 17.

Mr. Aurel Batonyi is at the Queen's Hotel. Among his varied accomplishments Mr. Batonyi has the knack of saying pretty things in half a dozen languages, and records his conviction that Toronto and New York contain the prettiest women he has seen in either continent.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Klingenfeld have returned to the city from their vacation at Jackson's Point, and reside now at 491 Huron street.

Mr. J. W. Bradley of Sherbourne street has returned from Old Orchard Beach.

Mrs. Vosberg and Mrs. Jarvis of Detroit are visiting Mrs. George Gray of Amelia street.

The marriage of Miss Dora Gooderham and Mr. McCormick will take place in October; the date has not yet been fixed. I hear it will be a house wedding. Mr. McCormick and his sister, Mrs. Beebe, have been on a visit with Mrs. C. H. Gooderham and left on Saturday for their home.

If you are thinking of fall clothes, remember that red is the coming color. Any shade from palest cerise to darkest wine, so long as it is red. The prettiest hats combine the tints of autumn leaves with pale or grass green, set off by a black tip. No more mad mingling of violet, and blue, and green, and pink, and red, and purple in a clashing discord to disfigure one poor head. With the subduing of sleeves has come a decorous regard for color harmony, and fashion's mad aberrations seem over.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Hanlan are: Mr. and Mrs. Alexander J. Johnson, Mr. J. G. Davis of Chicago; Mr. C. W. Switzer, Miss Jessie Gooderham of Meadowvale; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Scott of Woodstock, Rev. James G. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis and Miss Lillian Lewis of New York; Miss Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Marke, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gooderham, Miss Yeats, Miss Edith Boyd, Mr. Larratt W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Stout, Miss Stout, Miss Louise Stout, Miss Charlotte Stout, Master Walter Stout, Mr. Charles F. Farley, Mr. John Pugsley, Mr. H. B. Kent, Miss E. Kent, Miss Sautler, Mr. E. Jarvis, Mr. W. B. Raymond, Mr. Charles E. A. Goldman, Miss Goldham, Mrs. E. McConnell of Toronto.

Dr. E. M. Hewish of Philadelphia, who has been visiting various points through Canada, left for home Wednesday accompanied by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Baird of Huron street, and Miss C. Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Clarke have returned from Europe and taken up their residence at 627 Jarvis street. Mrs. Clarke (formerly Miss Florence Allen of Newcastle) will receive Monday and Tuesday, September 14 and 15.

The hasty departure for New York of Mrs. Cullerson and Miss Archer of Austin, Texas, will be to the fortunate few who made their acquaintance during their sojourn in Toronto this summer, a source of genuine regret. We have been favored here with many charming visitors from the other side, but no more beautiful and attractive girl than the "Belle of Austin," as Miss Archer is known to her Southern friends, has yet been received or welcomed within our

borders. Her possible return here next summer will certainly be eagerly looked forward to by the many devoted admirers she can now truly claim in this northern city.

•Mrs. Harry Beatty will receive on the afternoons and evenings of September 17 and 18, and afterwards on the first two Fridays of each month. Mr. and Mrs. Beatty are charmingly settled at 478 Huron street, where Mrs. Beatty makes as sweet a hostess as those who knew her as Miss Mattie Lee expected she would.

Miss Jennie Smith of Melbourne avenue has returned from a very pleasant visit to her aunt, Mrs. Burke of Buffalo.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. James P. Murray in Quebec, following closely upon that of her baby daughter and namesake, has grieved all her friends here very much. Always the soul of kindness, and of remarkably sweet manner, Mrs. Murray endeared herself to everyone, and all sympathize with her husband and young family.

The storks have disposed of quite a number of girl-babies in Toronto during the past few days. Mrs. Hayes of Hazeldeale, Mrs. Harry Drayton, Mrs. A. H. Campbell, Jr., have been thus blessed. To keep them company, Mrs. R. A. Grant, Mrs. Archie McLean, Mrs. Chester Massey and Mrs. (Dr.) Pepler have presented the community with four little members of the voting sex.

Many were the Dutch blessings bestowed upon Old Probs on the forenoon of Wheelmen's Day, but His Highness took them nonchalantly and chuckled when the sun burst forth at noon, and the bicyclists went about with an apologetic mien and vastly improved tempers.

Several post-nuptial receptions are announced for this month, and the calling season will be slightly advanced by them. It has been found satisfactory proceeding to mention the days chosen by the bride for these receptions in our society columns, as it saves the labor of sending out cards and the chance of overlooking someone, which is the nightmare awaiting on all such affairs.

Rev. G. Macbeth Milligan returned home last Saturday. I am sorry to hear that Miss Gertrude Milligan, who accompanied her father to Scotland some months ago, was not in health to return. Miss Milligan was quite ill here for some time before she left for the Old Country.

Dr. Frank McConnell is taking Dr. Darby's practice in Ottawa while the latter gentleman is holidaying.

Mrs. T. D. Jones of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. E. Wellington, who has returned from the Thousand Islands, where she has been spending several weeks.

The annual distribution of prizes and At Home of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association will be held at the club-house, Center Island, on Saturday evening, September 5. This is the big event of the Island season and promises to be a great success.

Mrs. T. H. Oswald and Miss Charlotte Tilson of Buffalo are visiting friends in Toronto.

The event which will be the first to occupy the attention of society when all its members have returned from their summer sojournings, will be the fall races of the Country and Hunt Club, which will be held over the Woodbine course on Saturday, September 26, Wednesday, September 30, and Saturday, October 3. Since the fall races have been taken up by the energetic committee of the new Toronto Hunt, they have been noted for their smartness and the presence of society people. This year the racing promises to show a great improvement over that of former years, and a large number of horses are expected from the West in addition to the home stables, which largely make up the spring meeting. Some excellent sport is assured, and I believe there will be some special entertainments at the Scarbor' Club House during the progress of the meeting.

Mrs. Ratz of Elmira and Mrs. Grant of Vancouver, B. C., are visiting at Mrs. Anger's, Dovercourt road, during Exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McDougald of Chicago are staying with Sir William and Lady Howland at 125 Bedford road. Mrs. McDougald is a daughter of Lady Howland.

One of my touring friends sends me the following experience, which rather leaves the laugh on him, but which he doesn't seem to mind in the least: "A very dear Scotch lady of Edinburgh, who on three different occasions made a long visit in Toronto and endeared herself to many of us, extended me an invitation to call upon her in her native city, the most beautiful of its size in Great Britain. I did so, only to learn that she was then summering on the east coast of Scotland overlooking the North Sea. In my wanderings through that very picturesque land I found myself within a few miles of the then abode of the Scotch lady, and at once determined to pay my respects. Having donned my newest London Prince Albert and English tile, with gloves and cane, the very latest, I soon found myself in a railway compartment hurrying along to my fate. It was necessary to change to another train at a given point, and when the train stopped a short distance therefrom, a Scotch guard assisted two young ladies into my compartment and I seized the opportunity to ask the guard where I should alight to make closest connection. I was informed that these two lasses would alight at the same place and would direct me, but I indignantly insisted that I was unacquainted with them and that it was his duty to give me the information, whereupon I was met with the response: 'Young man, you is a fine-looking lassie; 'tis the chance of yer life.' After the train started I summoned courage to ask the lasses, and learned they knew even less than I did about the place and mode of transfer. On arriving at the point of change I soon found that three hundred yards distant was another railway to which we all had to proceed. Being without baggage, and noticing the lasses laden down with heavy luggage and no porters in sight, I offered to assist them, and soon found myself burdened with a very heavy, square

parcel of luggage, which I could only manage by raising it to my right shoulder, and, having adjusted my tile, gloves and cane, I commenced my march of gallantry. About midway I met a porter whose services I secured and willingly paid for, informing the porter that the articles belonged to the lasses, and I soon saw them and their numerous luggage in a third-class compartment. My train happened to be fifteen minutes later, and while promenading the platform I noticed a large sportsmanlike Scotchman, his wife and three handsome daughters come leisurely along (empty-handed) and enter another compartment of the same train, but before the sportsman entered he advanced and addressing the two lasses he said, 'Well, gurlies, bae ye all the luggage in?' and was answered demurely, 'Yes, sir.' He then told them, 'Tell the guard I bae yer tickets.' I was immediately relieved of any misgivings, and seeing the porter near by I enquired of him if he had noticed the fact that the two lasses were the servants of this lordly gentleman and that the luggage was his. The porter quietly remarked with a broad smirk, 'Yea, young mon, and I ken they got the drap on ye.' In the interest of humanity and green Canadians you might point out my error."

A case possessing some interest for Canadians was argued at the recent assizes in Birmingham, the trial being one in which a Canadian peer sought to secure the family jewelry from his step-mother. The plaintiff was the Right Hon. Rowland Richard Clegg, Viscount Hill, a resident of Paris, Ont., where he formerly edited the *Star Transcript*, and he sought to recover certain jewels from the Right Hon. Isabella Elizabeth Dowager Viscountess Hill of the Citadel, Hawkstone, Shrewsbury. The plaintiff was the fourth Viscount Hill, and the defendant his stepmother. He claimed that the late Dowager, by her will made about the year before her death, left the diamond necklace, pendant and earrings, to her son, the third Viscount, as heirlooms, and therefore that the plaintiff could not be deprived of them. The will bequeathed the jewels to the third Viscount, "and after his death to each and every of the persons who shall succeed to the title of Viscount Hill as heirlooms as far as the rules of law and equity will permit." The defendant claimed that the diamonds were given to the late Viscount by his mother about six months before the date of her will, and therefore that the provision under the will was made under some misapprehension, and that the late Viscount was justified in giving the jewels to his second wife, the present Dowager. Judgment was given for the defendant.

"I suppose you won't notice us because we come from the States," remarked the bangle-jewelry lady, polishing a cat's-eye opal. The mistaken notion of our want of hospitality was soon corrected, and all the cat's-eye opals winked cordially.

"Soapy Sam," the beaver in the soap exhibit, has a most benevolent smile which eclipses all the other exhibits.

Mr. S. H. Janes, with a lovely red rose in his button-hole and a gubernatorial expression, was one of the promenaders on the lawn on opening day.

Mrs. Herbert Mason has returned from Chief's Island, Muskoka.

There is a Vienna artist in the Main Building who does wonderful little paintings on porcelain, and decorates watch-faces uniquely. The foreigner is very chatty with visitors.

Miss Angus of Ulster street has returned to the city after a prolonged visit with her friend, Mrs. (Dr.) Stovel of Prince Albert, N.W.T.

Miss Tottie Nicol is the guest of Mrs. Alfred Wright, 68 Lakeview avenue.

Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Elwood and her family have returned from Ferndale, Muskoka, and are at their home, 156 St. George street.

The very sad death of Mr. Arthur P. Taylor of 35 Grosvenor street proved a crushing blow to his relatives, and for change of scene and recuperation his sisters, Mrs. E. M. Graham and Miss Florence Taylor, have gone abroad. They will have the trying task of breaking the sad news of a cherished son's decease to the mother, who is at present in England. Everyone sympathizes sincerely with these sorrowing relatives in their loss, especially as Mr. Taylor was an unusually promising and successful young man, and was most suddenly stricken down.

Cooking bids fair to be a winter fad of society. Several schools are being organized, and one will take large chances on one's life on being invited to a *tete-a-tete* luncheon with some fair experimentress during the coming season.

Apropos of the Canada's visit to Toledo, the Toledo *Commercial* has several personals which are calculated to upset the brains of some of our sailor boys. Here are three or four of these:

"Mr. Fred J. Campbell, 'the irresistible,' is the way the Middle Bass girls speak of Toronto's McAllister."

"Mr. F. M. Gray of the Vivia is a winner in all kinds of races. Ask the ladies."

"Admiral George H. Gooderham is the most enthusiastic yachtsman in the fleet. He owns the Vivia and is part owner in the Canada, Oriole and several other fine Toronto yachts."

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Mason and family, of Winnipeg, are visiting Mrs. W. T. Mason at 477 Jarvis street.

The hasty departure for New York of Mrs. Cullerson and Miss Archer of Austin, Texas, will be to the fortunate few who made their acquaintance during their sojourn in Toronto this summer, a source of genuine regret. We have been favored here with many charming visitors from the other side, but no more beautiful and attractive girl than the "Belle of Austin," as Miss Archer is known to her Southern friends, has yet been received or welcomed within our

Paris Kid Glove Store**SUMMER SALE OF GLOVES**

6-bt. length Undressed Kid Gloves, in all colors, reduced from \$1.25 to \$1.

.4-bt. Fancy Stitched Undressed Kid Gloves with huge Pearl Buttons, \$1.25 per pair; regular price \$1.50.

Special line of Dressed Kid Gloves, reduced from \$1.25 to 75c.

Silk and Linen Gloves, at 25c, 50c, 75c.

MILLINERY.

Fancy Pattern Hats and Bonnets at less than cost.

A few choice Silk Blouses at \$5; regular price \$10, \$12 and \$14.

Blouse Silks in all the newest shades, at 50c. per yard.

Embroidered Grass Linens, reduced from \$1.50 to 75c.

WE HAVE...

Special Value**Dinner Sets****This Week**

AT PRICES FROM...

Social and Personal.

On Tuesday Toronto's great Fair, opened by Premier Hardy, was a grand success. A brilliant day, pleasantly cool, and everyone bright and good-natured (though there were absences who were sadly missed, since none of the Government House people were present), a splendid turnout, a fine programme on the great stage, and smart speeches from the Premier and Mr. Longley of Nova Scotia, which were sparkling with humor and not too long, combined to ensure the very pleasantest opening day I can remember. The ladies' gowns were very smart, but the Fair does not demand high-flown millinery and the striking costumes were easily marked. A few of the ladies prominently seated were: Mrs. E. F. Clarke, Mrs. Boustead, Mrs. Harry Merritt, Mrs. Winstanley, Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Mrs. W. S. and Miss Lee, Mrs. J. Forbes Michie and Miss Annie Michie, Mrs. G. W. and Miss Ross, Mrs. W. E. and Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Hodgins. Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski were present, and in the vast sea of humanity which filled the grand stand might be recognized many a dainty dame whose usual luxurious sofa is more comfortable than the hard wooden chair on which she perched to witness the opening of the Exposition. The stage programme is very good this year, the troupe of Arab tumblers and the trio of trained elephants being excellent attractions. The divers are thrilling, and the dance of the Nations quite a pretty spectacle. There was one chubby *dansuse* with remarkably plump and deep pink limbs who quite captured the heart of a Cabinet Minister. Altogether Manager Hill has gotten together a good programme and everyone will enjoy it during the Fair.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Mr. Laidlaw and Miss Fredrika (Fritz) Gunther, which takes place on September 12, at the residence of the bride's parents, Bellevue, Poplar Plains road.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams and Mrs. Moore have returned from a delightful three months' visit in the Old Country.

Colonel George T. Denison spent last Sunday with Mr. T. C. Patteson at his beautiful place near Woodstock.

A lovely cape and gown in silver, black and white, with a large white hat with pink flowers, were worn by a very pretty woman who preferred to stroll on the lawn before the grand stand at the opening ceremonies on Tuesday.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Ida Josephine Gooderham, of Maplecroft, and Mr. William McCaskill Ward. The ceremony, to which guests will be admitted by cards, will take place at St. Peter's church on Tuesday, September 22, at half-past two o'clock. A reception will be held afterwards at Maplecroft, 433 Sherbourne street.

Mr. Bell-Smith's pictures are the talk of the crowd at the Exhibition. Her Majesty the Queen, of course, is the cynosure of all eyes, and the certainty that she actually "sat" for this picture lends it additional value and interest.

Mademoiselle Van den Broeck has a dainty painting, very Frenchy and exquisite in detail, in the Art Gallery at the Fair. The two noble pictures loaned by Mr. Christie are alone worth a visit to the gallery. Mr. Smith, whose seascapes I admired so much last year, is again to the fore with some attractive water-colors. Many a *douce glace* went to a pair of Maltese kittens of Mr. Staples' sky-larking in a ragged straw hat, and a monster portrait of L'Abbe Liszt attracted a good deal of notice. This is from the Mason gallery.

Among the visitors to the Fair is Batonyi, the Hungarian whip, who has just returned from the thousandth anniversary celebration of the Hungarian nation at Budapest, and has had a very rushing round of galettes at Newport and elsewhere since his return. Batonyi's driving makes our local Jesus sit up, and socially the young Hungarian is quite a favorite.

Mr. and Mrs. Riddell of St. George street have returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty and the Misses Beatty are expected home very soon.

Captain and Mrs. J. Forbes Michie have taken up house at No. 150 Beverley street. Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee came in from Summerside to their city residence on Monday.

Mr. George Carruthers and Miss Suckling rode a tandem to the Fair on opening day. By the way, several rival firms nearly came to riots as to what make of wheel the elephant uses. I am told Boney rides a Cleveland. A good many people find the bicycle a lovely means of progression over the nice roads in Exhibition Park.

The Dean and Mrs. Rigby have returned to town, and Mrs. Rigby will receive at 33 Shaw street on next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Aleck Mackenzie of Bradford, Eng., is staying at the Queen's, seeing her many friends. She intends spending a short time in Minneapolis previous to sailing for England this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boeckh, jr., have removed from Isabella street to 114 Bedford road, where Mrs. Boeckh will be at home on Fridays.

Miss M. S. Ryan of Guelph is the guest of Mrs. Adam Nelson of the Rossin House, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hebden are leaving Toronto and will be greatly missed by a select circle of friends who have received their P.P.C. cards this week. As Mrs. Hebden is in first mourning for her mother, the late Mrs. Henderson, she has not been out much recently, but her charming and gentle presence will be wanting altogether in the coming winter's social doings. Mr. Hebden has been for many years assistant manager of the Merchants' Bank here.

Mr. Fraser has now on exhibition in his

**Ever Tried Them?****NASMITH'S...****Chocolate Bon Bons**

They represent all that's pure and good in candy making...

Will forward on receipt of price:
1 lb. box..... \$.55 3 lb. box..... \$1.50
2 lb. box..... 1.05 5 lb. box..... 2.30
Delivered free to any part of Canada.

The NASMITH CO'Y, Ltd.
51 King St. East, Toronto

Lord Russell

came 3,857 miles, and

Li Hung Chang

will have traveled

14,007 Miles

to see our Canada, which proves that it may be well worth seeing. Now, have you any friends living at a distance who would like to see our beautiful country, but who for some reason cannot do so? Why not get one of

Our Cameras

and send them a glimpse or two of it, and at the same time make pleasure for yourself.

F. A. Mulholland & Co

159 Bay Street, Toronto

THE BEST ALWAYS IN STOCK**Cook's Turkish Baths**

201 King Street West

Phone 1236.

Visitors while in the city should take one of Cook's Turkish Baths, it being the greatest luxury one can have. They are the largest and finest up-to-date baths in Canada. Ladies, including hairdressing, 50c. Gentlemen, Day, 75c.; evening, 90c. **Baths are open all night, with excellent sleeping accommodation without extra charge.** Chiropodist always in attendance.

Home Again

Families returning to the city are reminded of the superiority of the Alpine Dairy Co.'s Milk and Cream.

The milk is absolutely pure, rich and delicious, delivered in sealed bottles.

Table and Whipping Cream, Creamery Butter and Buttermilk fresh every day.

Two Daily Deliveries

TELEPHONE The Alpine Dairy Co.

4450 Cor. Yonge and Isabella

studio on King street a very fine painting of the late Norman Bethune Dick, taken in his uniform of Rear Commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The picture was a commission given to Mr. Fraser by the late Commodore's most intimate friends in the R.C.Y.C., and will hang in the new Club House, a familiar figure, among the many friends by whom he was deeply regretted and will not be soon forgotten.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Warren have returned from Muskoka.

Rev. E. M. Bland and his family came down from Muskoka on Monday, and have returned to Hamilton.

A queer start has been inaugurated in London, Ontario, where on Tuesday last the street

Ever Tried Them?**NASMITH'S...****Chocolate Bon Bons**

They represent all that's pure and good in candy making...

Will forward on receipt of price:
1 lb. box..... \$.55 3 lb. box..... \$1.50
2 lb. box..... 1.05 5 lb. box..... 2.30
Delivered free to any part of Canada.

The NASMITH CO'Y, Ltd.
51 King St. East, Toronto

NO MUSTY FLAVOR!**STOWER'S**

Pure Lime Juice Lime Juice Cordial

Champagne Pints and Quarts

Clarified Lemon Squash Square Glass Stoppered Bottles

POPULAR AND BEST HEALTHY AND REFRESHING

For Sale by all the Principal Druggists and Grocers Throughout the Dominion.

**Seasonable Goods****Sponges**

The greatest variety and best value we have ever shown.

Sponge Bags**Bathing Caps****Traveling Cases****Bath Brushes & Towels**

And a great choice of those staple goods, as

Tooth Brushes**Hair Brushes****Nail Brushes**

At...

HOOPER'S

43 King Street West

"Larger and Better than Ever"**Webb's Restaurant**

At the Industrial Exhibition

HAS REMOVED

From the Grand Stand to the

Official Dining-Hall

North of the Main Building

Near the Entrance to the Grounds

The HARRY WEBB CO., Ltd.

DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT—
66 & 68 Yonge Street

CATERING ESTABLISHMENT—
447 Yonge Street

Are You Aware

That the only remedy that will permanently remove that most hateful and disfiguring of all facial blemishes—**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR**, is **Electrolysis**? This treatment we guarantee to be satisfactory. WE ARE the fastest operators in Canada at the work. Price for the above treatments for every blemish or blemish of the Face, Hair, Hands and Figure. Write us if you live out of town explaining your case, or take advantage of the cheap fares next week and come and see us. In all branches of the work we are ALIVE vs. SICK.

We also manufacture the Princess Toilet Preparations which are without an equal in purity and are noted for the good results that follow their use. Send a stamp for booklet. **Health and Good Looks.**

For removing warts, corns, Sunburn, Eczema, Freckles, Measles, Patches, Bedness, Rash, etc., there is none as good as **Princess Complexion Purifier**. Price \$1.50; 3 bottles for \$4. Avoid cheap goods.

Misses Moote & High

The Graham Institute

41 Carlton Street, Toronto

Telephone 1858

A Woman's ... Features

Should determine the manner of wearing the hair. To obtain the best effect requires study and care. A style that looks well on one may appear disagreeable on another. To decide the matter satisfactorily and definitely, place yourself under the care of the experts at the **ENTRE' ENDS**. At this establishment you will find demonstrations of all the various ways of wearing the hair.

In **Frontpieces** there are wavy, curly and powdered hair in various widths and depths.

In **Switches**, fine all long hair, so that you can coil or braid them in with your own back hair, high or low, flat or bulky, to suit any fancy.

For **Bald Persons** a natural-looking Wig is desirable, both for appearance and for health.

The DORENWEND CO., Ltd.

103 & 105 Yonge Street

Leaders for Fine Hair Goods, Hair Ornaments, Hair Dyes and Hair Ornaments

DURING THE TORONTO EXHIBITION

Armand's Hair Store

Will offer special inducements to these patrons

In **Fashionable Hair Goods**

Ladies and Gents' Wigs and Toupees, Ladies' Waves, Head-coverings, Ladies' styles Bangs and Fringes.

Armand's **Fine Long Hair Switches** still keep the lead. Ladies in want of a nice fine hair switch should call in to go to Armand's; they keep the best assorted and largest stock of hair goods in the country.

Our **Hair Dressing Department** is the best equipped, ever opened. Ladies' and children's hair Trimmed, Singed and Shampooed. Best of care is taken to improve the "growing glory of a woman." Hair and scalp scientifically treated in every case.

Gray Hair instantaneously colored to its original shade. Health and Good Looks.

For removing warts, corns, Sunburn, Eczema, Freckles, Measles, Patches, Bedness, Rash, etc., there is none as good as **Princess Complexion Purifier**. Price \$1.50; 3 bottles for \$4. Avoid cheap goods.

ARMAND'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton

TORONTO, CANADA.

When Visiting Toronto's Great Fair

Do not fail to pay a visit to Pember's Exhibition of Hair Goods at 127-129 and 178 Yonge Street, the largest and best equipped establishment in Canada.

Bangs, Waves, Wigs, Switches, Gentle-

men's Wigs and Toupees a specialty.

There is no break-of-all trades about us.

We take good care that when we embark in a new line of business it is not in a bicycle cart invention, that any sane man would be ashamed of. We have no

Turkey Bait. I can assure you that it is the public whether a lady's hair goods, hair dressing and Turkish bath, or hair goods, hair dressing and bicycle cart business harmonize the best. We sell hair goods, guaranteed as represented, and nothing but the finest cut hair used. Ask for one of our catalogues and descriptive list which will give you full satisfaction in quality and price. Switches from 75c. to \$1.50; natural wavy, from \$3 to \$18. Bangs in endless variety from \$1 up.

TURKISH BATHS—Ladies' bath and hair dress, 75c.; shampooing, trimming and singeing included, \$1.15. Gentlemen's day, 75c.; evening, 90c. Excellent sleeping accommodation.

The Battle Outside the Heads.

HOW A NAVAL DAVID SLEW THE GOLIATHS OF THE SEA.

NOTE.—This imaginative story of a needle-shaped boat that projected torpedoes against men-of-war is reprinted from the San Francisco *Argonaut*. What would happen were San Francisco bombarded has been a fruitful subject of discussion during the past year. This story implies the necessity for a phenomenal boat.—Ed.

One morning, as Jack Delafield was breakfasting on board the cruiser Idaho, a telegram was handed him which he calmly proceeded to open; but after glancing over its contents, the placid serenity of his countenance gave way to a look of excitement. Jumping up, he shouted to his lazier mess-mates who had not yet emerged from their state-rooms, "Boys, the war is on!"

In a second, heads were thrust out, some of the possessors even venturing into the wardroom considerably more *en deshabille* than custom or regulations permitted. But Delafield's telegram was of so much interest and importance that such trifling conventionalities were forgotten, and his curious brother-officers crowded around him, clamoring loudly for the news.

"Listen," said the lieutenant, "I'll read it to you:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., October 20, 189—
To Lieutenant John Delafield, U.S.N., U.S.S.
Idaho, San Francisco Harbor: Regard yourself detached from Idaho. Proceed immediately to the Mare Island Navy Yard. Take command of the Bainbridge, and prepare for a general race at earliest possible moment. Commandant ordered to place at your disposal every available means to hasten work. HULBERT, Secretary."

"What do you fellows think of that?" said Jack.

"Lucky dog."

"Wish I were in your place." They all seemed pleased at Delafield's stroke of luck. Fortune was truly smiling on him, for he had been selected for this hazardous and important duty out of half a hundred other officers of his own rank, each one as eager as himself to command the little craft, the Bainbridge, of which wonders were expected.

He had been chosen by the Secretary of the Navy and had received his preparatory orders, which were to the effect that he would be retained on board the Idaho until hostilities were imminent, when he would be given his new command. Meanwhile the work of fitting her for sea had been pushed at the navy-yard with all despatch. The Bainbridge was the first of our new semi-submarine magnetic torpedo-boats, those marvels of American ingenuity and skill.

Jack started for the navy-yard at once, and on arriving reported to the commandant, Admiral Dana, who told him in his bluff, kindly way to go ahead and fit out his craft as rapidly as possible, taking whatever was necessary for her equipment without the usual formalities, adding cheerily: "We can attend to all that after you come back, Delafield."

As he stands there before the admiral, receiving his instructions, let us glance at the officer upon whom, perhaps, will hang the result of the battle very soon to be fought outside the Heads. Tall, erect, and finely formed, Lieutenant Delafield impresses one instantly as a man of no mean strength. His face gives evidence of courage, firmness, and great will power—just the attributes, in fact, which should most properly belong to the man ordered to command an unknown quantity like the Bainbridge, yet to be tried by the test of actual battle. When he leaves the office of the admiral, his elastic step and easy carriage show that his task has not overburdened him with anxiety, but, on the contrary, indicate confidence in himself and assurance of his ability to carry the work before him to a successful issue.

On his way down to the wharf where the Bainbridge lay, he passed groups of officers eagerly discussing the latest news. All had some friendly or congratulatory remark for him; but, scarcely stopping to reply, he hurried on board his new command. The Bainbridge was one of the latest editions to our fleet, and while it was anticipated that she would accomplish great things, the only real test had come sooner than any one would have prophesied. Workmen were swarming over her in such numbers that she resembled a human bee-hive. Her length was probably in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty feet, but her narrow beam and sharply sloping sides made her appear like a needle floating on the water. She was painted an olive-green, to secure invisibility at night. The most prominent objects in sight on her deck were a low conning-tower and two elongated hatches, one forward and one aft. These were for the disappearing magnetic torpedo-guns, and were arranged to protect the torpedoes until they were needed, at which time the guns were elevated by electricity, trained on the enemy, and fired, the whole operation requiring but a few seconds. The motive power of the craft was also electricity, obtained from improved Tesla storage batteries of the latest type, giving the boat a speed of forty knots an hour.

Within two days Lieutenant Delafield had completed the outfit of the Bainbridge, and had stored on board four of those terrible engines of destruction, the magnetic torpedoes, which were of the ordinary cigar shape, having the energy for propulsion stored in a heavy fly-wheel revolving in a longitudinal, vertical plane at a rate of ten thousand revolutions a minute. This application of the principle of the gyroscope gave them an almost unerring directness of path under water, but, besides this, within the secret chambers were concealed magnets of great strength, which drew the torpedoes straight onward toward their prey.

No manoeuvring, however skilful, on the part of the commander of a ship attacked could avail against the relentless power of these magnets, and once a torpedo was launched fairly in the direction of an enemy's vessel, her doom was only a matter of seconds.

As night fell Delafield from the Bainbridge, and the officers on the coast-defence vessels, inside the bar, sighted the remnant of our fleet standing in, still stubbornly fighting and protecting the weaker or more disabled ships. Shortly the enemy was uncovered and the monitors opened fire, compelling an abandonment of the harassing pursuit. The enemy remained just out of range, while the fearful wreck of what remained of Admiral Woodbridge's forces crawled slowly into the harbor.

As the Oregon guarding the rear passed the Bainbridge the admiral signaled briefly but significantly: "Do your duty."

The night is dark and windy. An ominous stillness in the air presages an on-coming gale. No moon or stars are shining to aid the enemy, but instead the sky is covered with hard, leaden-gray clouds, and a low bank of fog is sweeping in from the westward.

The conditions are propitious and Delafield prepares for his dash. He takes the Bainbridge close inshore through Bonita Channel, and barely escapes being caught by one of the enemy's gun-boats, but turning on more current he rushed silently ahead and clear of danger. When almost within hearing of the breakers on Duxbury reef he makes a wide detour in order to approach from seaward, for from this direction an attack is hardly to be

expected. Nevertheless he has to go a considerable distance out to reach a favorable position.

• He reaches his station at a quarter-past eleven o'clock and in another quarter of an hour the monitors will open fire toward that flank of the enemy opposite to which is Delafield. They will keep up this cannonade for ten minutes, to effect a diversion. As soon as this firing has ceased, Jack's work will begin.

Boom! bang! go the great 10-inch and 12-inch guns. It is a trying time for Jack, but he sees the effect of the ruse, and is again congratulating himself on his luck. The searchlights are all playing inshore of him, the enemy entirely oblivious of the fact that danger is lurking in their rear. Half-past eleven! As suddenly as it began the firing ceases, and Delafield, taking his stand in the little conning-tower, orders the crew to their stations.

Slowly the Bainbridge starts ahead, then faster and faster she goes, until, fairly flying, she brings into view the weaker vessels forming the outer line. But Jack disdains such pigmy prey. Safely he flies past the gun-boats, but not quickly enough to avoid discovery. On he goes, fearlessly taking the Bainbridge straight toward the battle-ships.

"Stand by," he sings out down the voice-tubes to the torpedo compartments, and back comes the hearty answer: "All ready, sir."

Now he is but a short distance from the nearest ship. He turns two electric switches and sees the torpedo guns elevated and trained.

Then amid a shower of shells he presses a firing-key, and the forward torpedo is launched

and speeds on its errand of destruction. No need to watch the effect; the magnet is as sure as fate.

Meantime, the Bainbridge's course is changed, so that she may run parallel to the column of battle-ships, and the empty gun is lowered. A second later, the after-torpedo is on its way for the next battle-ship, and Delafield has done half his work.

Long ere this the brave little craft has been the center of a smother of foaming water, lashed into impotent fury by the crashing, bursting shells. But her great speed saves her from annihilation. She tears along with search-lights flashing on her like an aurora and with the waves dashing wildly over her.

Two more of the enemy's most powerful ships sent to the bottom complete her errand. The only damage on the Bainbridge has happened to Delafield himself. A piece of shell has inflicted an ugly wound in his shoulder, and though exhausted by the intense strain and weak from loss of blood, he steers his victorious vessel into the protection of the harbor, then falls senseless to the deck.

Not long after, while recovering his strength, Jack received a very official-looking document covered with formidable seals. It contained the information that he had received the thanks of Congress and that he had been promoted to the rank of captain for his gallantry in sinking four of the enemy's ships, thereby causing a withdrawal of their fleet and preventing the bombardment of the city of San Francisco.

San Francisco, August, 1896.

A Regular Cripple.

The Story of an Old Settler in Dufferin County.

SUFFERED TERRIBLY WITH RHEUMATISM, AND HAD TO USE MECHANICAL APPLIANCES TO TURN IN BED—FRIENDS THOUGHT HE COULD NOT RECOVER. From the *Economist*, Shelburne, Ont.

Almost everybody in the township of Melancthon, Dufferin County, knows Mr. William August, J.P., postmaster of Auguston. Mr. August, now in his seventy-seventh year, came to Canada from England forty years ago, and for thirty-eight years has been resident of Melancthon. During some thirty years of that time he has been a postmaster, and for eleven or twelve years was a member of the township council, for some years holding the position of deputy reeve. He has also been a justice of the peace since the formation of the county. It will thus be seen that Mr. August stands high in the estimation of his neighbors.

In the winter of 1894-95 Mr. August was laid up with an unusually severe attack of rheumatism, being confined to the house and to his bed for about three months. To a reporter of the *Economist*, Mr. August said: "I was in fact a regular cripple. Suspended from the ceiling over my bed was a rope



which I would seize with my hands, and thus change my position in bed or rise to a sitting posture. I suffered as only those racked with rheumatic pains could suffer, and owing to my advanced age, my neighbors did not think it possible for me to recover. I had read much concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last determined to give them a trial. I commenced taking the pills about February 1st, 1895, taking at the outset one after each meal and increasing to three at a time. Within a couple of weeks I could notice an improvement, and by the first of April I was able to be about as usual, free from the pains, and with very little of the stiffness left. I continued the treatment a short time longer and found myself fully restored. It is now nearly a year since I discontinued taking the Pink Pills, and I have not had any return of the trouble in that time. I have no hesitation in saying that I owe my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pill." These pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, lamotomia

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We could go on quoting letters of this kind all day. They all tell the same story—illness and suffering with happier times following the use of the remedy mentioned by these three ladies. Incessant work and abundant worry produce indigestion and dyspepsia, and yet work they must as long as they can stand. Do husbands and brothers always appreciate this? We fear not. They don't mean to be brutal, but they don't think; that's the whole of it—they don't think.

Now let these men think to keep the house always supplied with this medicine. It will help the wife to do the work that is never done—to cross the river that flows for ever. Besides, consider the saving of money, time, and suffering. And then, too, best of all, the bright faces and pleasant voices of the women at home when they feel well and happy.

Better Grass.

A minister, missing one of his congregations from church, called on him one day to see what was the matter.

"Well, Mr. McNab, I was wondering what was the matter that you were not at church these few Sundays back."

"Oh, I have been at Mr. Dunlop's kirk."

Minister—"Oh, I don't care for my congregation going to other churches. How would you like your sheep to go into strange pastures?"

Mr. McNab—"Oh, I wadna care a grain if they got better grass."

How He Explained It.

He was very deferential, but he was a deacon in the church, and he felt that he had a right to criticize.

"I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I suggest that your sermons are—ah—"

"Too prosy, I suppose," suggested the minister.

"Oh, no; not that. But too long."

"But you mustn't blame me for that," returned the minister pleasantly. "If you knew a little more I wouldn't have to tell you so much."

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Is Politeness Declining?

BY A TRAVELED ENGLISHMAN.

London Mail.

I AM an Englishman who has had the misfortune to spend the last fifteen years of my life abroad. It is true I have occasionally come home on furlough; but at such periods I have been almost entirely in the hands of my circle of friends, and have had little time or opportunity to observe much of the habits and customs of the people at large. All this is now changed, and now that I have returned I have been spending a good deal of my leisure looking about me. It is with pain that I write the words, but I am firmly convinced that the manners of England are on the decline. In other words, politeness is dying out amongst our race.

Nobody could accuse me of a lack of patriotism. I love my native land with as deep and fervent a love as any German feels for the Fatherland, or any Frenchman for France, but I cannot shut my eyes to facts. The evidences of this decline in manners struck me the moment of my landing at Plymouth not long ago, and I have suffered and do suffer daily innumerable instances which prove that our old English habits of deference to one's superiors, good breeding, and bonhomie have altered to such an extent that, in less than a single generation, I hardly know my own countrymen.

Formerly, when a gentleman spoke to a porter at a railway station that functionary invariably touched his cap, with a "Yes, sir," or "If you please, sir." Formerly, when a porter was desirous of taking charge of your luggage, he intimated that intention beforehand. Now he invariably snatches it out of your hand, with less ceremony than a pedestrian would bestow alms on a mendicant. I have taken note of eleven porters I have consecutively tipped, and only five have thanked me; one of these, I am compelled to say, with a scowl upon his face. It is not that the amount of the bonus is smaller than the service warrants, but merely that these men have come to regard tipping as no longer voluntary, but as their due and just rights.

Petty officials of all kinds present to me a surly attitude in place of the old smiling readiness and deference. Booking clerks as a class seem to me entirely without manners. Last week I was purchasing a ticket for a seaside resort, and begged the clerk to inform me if the train started at 6.10. He threw the change out at me with such violence that several coins were distributed over the floor. As he volunteered no apology, but turned away to chat with his fellow clerk, I stood there in great surprise. Then I slowly and mechanically began to gather the coins up—determined, however, to remonstrate with the fellow, which I did.

"Look here, mister," said he, "I'm put here to sell tickets—not to answer questions. D'y'e make for me a time-table?"

But perhaps nowhere is the change of manners so noticeable as in the shops. In former times no one was so affable, so polite, so ready to please as the English shopman. *Tempora mutantur!* He does not seem to care whether you enter his shop or not, and having entered he is at very little pains to please you, as compared with his predecessors. Perhaps I am a little hard to please, but at least I do not care to purchase an article off-hand without first having had an opportunity of examining it. I went into a haberdasher's not many hundred yards from a Piccadilly circus no later than yesterday to purchase a cravat that took my fancy in the window. Would he sell me that cravat? Certainly, he responded; that was his business; but perhaps I would find something I liked equally well among the inside stock. I looked over some cravats he showed me, but still expressed a preference for the window article. The shopman then got it out, but when I had it in my hand I saw it was not at all the article it seemed, but was a cheap and flimsy contrivance merely intended for display.

"I am very sorry," I said; "but I fear I cannot take this. It is not what I thought it."

"Then what did you make me get it out for?" asked the courteous salesman, who thereupon refused to show me anything further, to which he coupled the insult that "you have got into the wrong shop, my friend."

This may be thought an isolated case, but it is only one of many that I can cite, all happening within a fortnight, and not only to myself but to friends with whom I have discussed this question of manners.

We no longer show any deference to women in little matters—such as giving up our seats in an omnibus or taking off our hats in their presence, but perhaps this is a sign of the times. I am not sure that we English were ever a very gallant nation; but I always believed we were the most courteous in Europe—especially among our middle classes. But as I say, this is changed.

One thing I deplore perhaps most of all, and that is the deterioration of our waiters, hostlers and inn-keepers. No longer do we feel at home, no longer can we find our warmest welcome at an inn. Our inns now are mere money-making concerns, and if we don't like what the proprietor has to offer we can go elsewhere. When we arrive there is no one to welcome us, and when we depart there is no one to speed us. Hotels are now joint-stock concerns, and the ones hale and smiling host, who took a personal interest in the welfare of his guests, is now replaced by a "manager" who, however, is never seen unless he is especially called for. The "host" to all practical purposes at hundreds of our oldest hostleries is an impudent young female, who sits behind a bar or desk, and who, if you complain of a gross overcharge in your bill, surly asks you "why you didn't go to the Albion or the George instead. Age is no longer respected in England.

In the street, in the train, at the theater, on the race-course—everywhere, among all classes, surliness and brusqueness have taken the place of the old courtesy and good humor. If you accidentally collide with a man in the street, there are no mutual concessions, no bowings and exchange of apologies. He saves time by calling you an old fool.

Even when pardon is asked for an awkwardness, how often does the aggrieved or injured party utter the words—once so common—

"Granted, sir," or "ma'am"? Usually when one of the old school exclaims, "Beg pardon," the other maintains a dead silence, or else grants. But there is an occasional variation furnished. Last Sunday—will it be believed?—I accidentally trod lightly on a young gentleman's foot in a railway carriage. Perhaps I forgot that I should have passed over the incident without much ado.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," I cried. "I hope I haven't hurt you."

The young gentleman turned to me with a smile, half of pity, half of amusement, and observed:

"Don't get excited, old boy. You needn't apologize. When I get out I shall tread on yours."

A Matter of Morals.

Adapted from the German.

[Scene: A cozy boudoir. It is just after dinner; coffee has been brought in, to be discussed at leisure. Man and wife sitting at the table.]

He—"Good gracious, child, one can't always be considering works of art from the standpoint of morals. It's a question as to whether it's really artistic, or not, that's all, it seems to me."

She—"Well, I suppose I'm incapable of understanding so fine a point as that. It's the way I was brought up, I dare say. My mother taught me—"

He—"Yes, I know. Your mother's a dear soul, but she might successfully have posed for the Old Lady from Westchester County as far as her views on literature go."

She—"I don't know as to her views on literature especially, but in some other ways I fancy you should be the last man to question my mother's manner of teaching me life."

He—"What do you mean?"

She—"Well, fortunately for you, our pasts weren't exactly on a par, were they?"

He—"I—oh, I lived a man's life. I was not worse nor better than the average, I suppose. Certainly no worse."

She—"And certainly no better."

He—(Annoyed at the turn the conversation has taken). "Oh, well, to return to my contention: if a piece of art is good art, the strict moralities have nothing to do with it, as far as I can see. A thing is beautiful or it is ugly; if it is the latter it is bad art. If a man paints the world as it is, he can't be forever considering what Mrs. Grundy is going to say about the morality of it."

She—"Oh, it's not so much Mrs. Grundy, as that the whole thing you contend for makes for the destruction of all ideals."

He—"Ideals? What do you call ideals?"

She—"Virtue, decency, everything that is seemly and sweet."

He—"Not eating fish with a knife or wearing a silk hat with a sack coat?"

She—"Flippancy is not argument. Ideals are—"

He—"Ideals."

She—"Yes, it is not something one can define; it is in the individual. It is something you modern men have lost. Think of these books you men write nowadays, 'Jude, the Amazing,' 'The Woman Who Did,' and all the rest of them—what if they should fall into a young girl's hands?"

He—"Oh, it's about six of one and half a dozen of the other. Your sex is just as ambitious in that direction as mine. 'The Twins' are no better, from your point of view, than the books you named."

She—"Those are the masculine, unsexed women that write that sort of thing. And it makes no difference who writes it; that sort of book is bad."

He—"Bad for the young person, I suppose you mean. But you don't expect a great artist to work with the spectre of the young person constantly in view, do you? To the pure all things are pure."

She—"Perhaps, but it's not a safe axiom, all the same. Such books, such pictures should be seized. Such artists should be fined."

He—"And all the world be turned into an infant-school?" (Looking at his watch.) "However, it's late; they're waiting for me at the lodge. Good bye, dear!" (Kisses her.)

She—"Smiling—" And you're not angry at me for not agreeing with you?"

He—"Not a bit." (Goes out.)

She stands at the window, until she has seen her husband step into a cab and drive off. Then, after ringing the bell, she says to the maid—"Let him come in."

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Very naturally.

Fenilworth came home the other day and told his wife he had been asked to join a bachelors' club.

"How absurd," she said.

"Not at all! It seems they want me as their awful example."

The Duchess of Connaught.

A curious and interesting fact and one but little known is that the Duchess of Connaught is as clever and clear-headed as she is pretty and amiable, and that her husband has the good taste to consult his wife on all subjects. He has even been known to follow her advice in military matters. Of course, as the daughter of a famous warrior, the Duchess was from infancy conversant with army questions, but, apart from this, she has always been extremely fond of military details, and her husband speaks to her about the most intricate matters connected with soldiers and warfare as freely as he would to a veteran.

There is, by the way, a pretty story being told about this charming Princess. Once, when quite a little child, she was asked to help sell toys at a big charity bazaar got up in Berlin by the Duchess of Ratibor. Von Moltke passed by, and the wee Princess Margaret timidly offered him a big doll for sale. The great tactician bought it, and seeing what a pretty little maiden offered it to him he told her to keep it, at the same time asking her her name.

"Margaret," she answered timidly, and blushing.

"And your surname?" asked Von Moltke. After long hesitation she answered, "Friedrich Karl."

Then Von Moltke saw the whole thing, of course.

"Pardon, Royal Highness," said the old soldier, bending on one knee to kiss the dimpled fingers.

The puzzle about the surname is like the old

NO. 19.

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of the Pratte Pianos is unlike others in that it is made for Canadian climate than which none is more trying than ours for pianos. The best American instruments have been found unable to stand the variations of temperature in Canada, and their actions always get more or less out of order. You see, the principal parts of their action is wood, which absorbs moisture and swells in summer, and then shrinks during the winter in our overheated houses. This impairs the action. In other pianos of Canadian manufacture the action is copied from the American instruments with the same disadvantages.

In the Pratte Piano this difficulty is overcome by an ingenious mechanism whereby the six hundred screws in the action are all set in metal instead of wood. There are other improvements, too, in the Pratte Piano which make it an unrivaled instrument.

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story about the Duke of Edinburgh in Melbourne putting his name down in a book as "Alfred England," and being taken for a very shady young bookmaker and turf accountant of that name.

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VOL. IX] TORONTO, SEPT. 5, 1896. [No. 42

The Drama.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD is a nice old-fashioned farmhouse such as those of us who were born in the country know so well. Its people are plain, honest and simple-minded. Uncle Josh Whitecomb, a widower, is head of the family, and his spinster sister keeps the hearth cheery for him and all who happen in. It is one of those farmhouses where there is always a kettle on the boil and always a feather bed for the stranger. A tramp enters the yard and Uncle Josh gives him an old-fashioned talk, hands him five dollars and bids him go home to his mother and try to be somebody. The tramp does so, and later we find him dressed up to the top notch of fashion by his indulgent mother. Old Josh's son is in New York; he gets down in the world, drinks, is an outcast, and the redeemed tramp rescues him. It is simple, delightful and wholesome story. People who go to see the play come away feeling better. It is a good play to run during the Fair, for it tends to arouse a sympathy between the denizens of the city and the rural visitors. The "bad men" of the city who see the play have their feelings harrowed. They go away feeling that they have not the heart to pick a rural pocket or to sand-bag a rural head. They hate to hit Uncle Josh. On the other hand, mellowing as is the general influence of the piece, it may do injury, for while it works upon the possible feelings of the "bad men" of the town it certainly has a tendency to throw the visiting Joshes off their guard. Here was a tramp who, on being handed five dollars, reformed and went back to his mother, came out with cane, silk hat, frock coat, and went about doing good. Likewise he paid Josh the five dollars loaned him. This may create a misapprehension. It may help the trade of the confidence man. It would be well to remember that tramps as a rule have not rich mothers and as a general thing are not safe men to lend or give money to in quantities larger than ten cents at a time. The daily occupation of men with silk hats is not, as a rule, to go about giving dollar bills and good advice to drunken young men asleep in doorways.

A phase of the matter, too, which interests all of us very much during the Fair, is the possible misapprehension into which rural visitors may fall after seeing the play. Uncle Josh is welcomed into the home of the millionaire with whom he had gone to school in boyhood. This is a delicate subject, but as a rule the millionaires of Toronto, and others less affluent, are not in the habit of being over-cordial to the old schoolmate who comes in during the Fair, makes a house-to-house canvas until the right house is found, and then locates himself, his family and his wife's cousins in one's home. If the play at the Grand persuades visitors that after all the proper thing is to bounce right in on somebody, anybody they used to know, the play will bring trouble on many heads. I am doing a duty to a great many readers when I say that only men who are worth a cool million are so constituted that they can laugh at the unexpected invasion of long lost schoolmates. Men of smaller means are not so good-humored as was millionaire Henry Hopkins in the drama. The urbanity, the cordiality, the keen sense of humor which distinguish the millionaire are all lacking in the ordinary man of the city. People don't mind going out to a farm for a month, but they do hate to have the visit returned during the Fair. Of course millionaires don't mind, but I speak of smaller people.

The performance at the Toronto Opera House this week is one of the best farce-comedies that has been seen in this city for a long time. It is the best show that George W. Monroe has yet presented here, and it comes very near to being a straight comedy in the proper sense of the word. It is funny from first to last, and even old theater-goers are made to laugh. I can advise men about town to see this piece, in which the female impersonation is quite as good as in Charlie's Aunt, though a shade broader. The house will certainly be crowded at the last few performances, for if visitors do not fill the place the city people will not miss so exceptionally good a popular-priced show. It was a clever idea to bring George Monroe upon the stage as a stout and pleasant young Irish lawyer, and then to have him forcibly transformed, in full view of the audience, into an Irish housekeeper. He is forced into a chair and shaved by the three laughing conspirators, a dress is thrown upon him, and a red wig. It is all done in a moment, and Mrs. Magruder stands before us. Everybody in the audience being in the secret, there is nothing indecorous in all that follows. I shall not enter into the plot, but content myself with giving the show a good "recommend." See it to-day.

As a guide to visitors I might say that the prices of admission to the Toronto Opera House, Adelaide street, are 50c., 35c., 25c., and 15c., according to location of seats desired, and that there are performances every evening, and afternoon performances at two o'clock each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. This week's play is *A Happy Little Home*, and next

week's attraction will be John W. Isham's Oriental America.

At the Grand Opera House, Adelaide street, the prices are \$1, 75c., 50c. and 25c.; performances every evening, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The Old Homestead will be played continuously until the close of the Fair.

At the Princess Theater, King street, west of York, the prices are the same as at the Grand, and the house will open Monday evening and run all week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The attraction will be Hanlon Brothers' spectacular show, *Superba*.

The Webbing Sisters are about to leave Toronto for a tour across the Continent, in which they will appear in all the important towns and cities between here and San Francisco. Mr. Shipman has already gone ahead as manager. It may not be out of place to mention that Miss Lucy and Miss Peggy Webbing have just had published a charming volume of verse and fiction, a copy of which is on my table as I write. I have read it with a great deal of enjoyment. The verse is by Miss Lucy Webbing, and the stories are written by Miss Peggy Webbing. The poems are of superior merit, some of them being singularly sweet. In an adjoining column is reproduced a fair sample of Miss Webbing's verse. The short stories that form the second part of the volume, written by Miss Peggy Webbing, are humorous ones, and I unreservedly recommend them to those who enjoy good short stories. *A Ghosts' Dinner Party* contains an original idea skilfully treated, while *Crinkleback's Canoe*, *Our Great Aunt's Eye* and *Go* are all distinguished by the same striking originality of conception and facility in handling. In fact, Miss Peggy Webbing should soon be recognized among the story writers.

John W. Isham in organizing his Oriental America Company set out to prove that while the negro race has neither the money nor the colleges with which to properly equip themselves as singers, yet they have developed some great singers. He has succeeded, according to the critics of Detroit, where the company is playing this week. The show is described as a genuine novelty. The solos and the chorus singing are praised highly, and the stage settings are evidently of unusual attractiveness. Mr. Isham's show has great variety—from clown-work to grand opera—and it bids for the patronage of all classes of people.

The evening performance in front of the grand stand at the Exhibition must rank among the attractions of this and next week. The performing elephants, the tumbling, the trapeze performance, and the robust fun-making, are very amusing and well worth seeing.

The Hanlons present their new *Superba* at the Princess Theater next Monday night, and is a practically new entertainment. These clever brothers are the wizards of spectacle and pantomime, and there are no bounds to their ingenuity. Some years ago they presented their *Le Voyage en Suisse* in this country and afterwards took it to London. During this engagement they taught their company French, and then proceeded to do it in Paris. While in Paris the company were instructed in German, and Berlin was delighted with several hundred performances of it; and to cap the climax the members of the organization were taught Spanish, and it was then produced in Madrid and other Spanish cities. From there they came back to America again, and their American success was repeated. After the production on Monday night next, the brothers will devote their time to the getting up of a new spectacle. One of them will remain in this country, devoting his time to the invention of new mechanical ideas; the other will go to Paris in quest of the latest novelties.

Superba is a veritable wonder-show, being made up of marvelous tricks and beautiful effects, and I do not think that Manager Shepard could have brought anything to the Princess for the second week of the Fair that would have imparted so much delight to those who only get a chance once a year to enter a first-class theater. Children who see this show will have something to talk about for a year.

The London *Sporting Times* tells this story, and the fun it is making suggests that the "young player" is easily recognizable: At a certain theater where affairs are to a great extent controlled by a young player, the post of prompter lately fell vacant. The call-boy was in hopes that the place would fall to him, but discovered at the eleventh hour that it had been given to a brother of the said young player. The lad, boiling with grievance, approached the wrecker of his ambitions, and observed, "I say, Mr. —, when is your mother comin' ere as wardrobe mistress?"

Miss Marguerite Dunn will re-open her classes in elocution on September 23. Partial scholarships will be given and may be competed for on September 16 and 17. Studio, 300 Wilton avenue.

Miss Pauline Johnson has returned from the Thousand Islands and Mr. Owen A. Smily from Port Sandfield, Muskoka, where they have been respectively spending the summer. They will open their season in Chicago about the middle of this month, and are booked to tour afterwards in Duluth, Grand Rapids, St. Paul, Minneapolis and other towns west. The indications are that these two artists have a most successful season ahead of them.

Two at the Island.

They were walking along the beach at Toronto Island in front of the pretty summer cottages. It was a beautiful night, with a glorious moon, and not a ripple stirred the face of the lake.

"Ethel," he said, and his voice fell almost to a whisper, "there is a little matter about which I have been thinking for a long time now, and I have a question I must ask you."

Ethel's heart gave a sudden flutter and she knew that "the" moment had arrived.

"Yes, George. What is it?"

This was all she could say, and it required a supreme effort.

"I just wanted to ask you why it is that all these places are called summer cottages when summer houses?"

And the pun frightened Cupid clear off the beach for the evening.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



The Hero of the Day.

SPORTING COMMENT

highest number of points in the games of the day. The jug will have to be won twice in succession, or three times in all, to become the property of the organization.

The Canadian eleven to play against the United States eleven in Philadelphia left Canada on Tuesday, the team being composed of the following: Henry and McIntosh of Halifax, Acland and Little of Ottawa, McGivern of Hamilton, Dean of Parkdale, Laing, Goldingham and Rykert of Toronto, Cooper of Trinity, and Lyon of Rosedale. At present time of writing nothing is known of the result, but it would be too much to hope that our eleven—which is not quite as strong as it might be—could wage successful war against such an eleven as will walk out to meet them from the pavilion at Germantown. All the big players are in that team, not a man defaulting it would seem. We must fix our hopes on Mr. Laing, for I think he has more speed up his sleeve than the enemy will expect. King of Philadelphia is supposed to be fast, but compared with Laing's fast ones this year he is only medium pace.

The Wanderers of Chicago, after defeating the Chatham, London and Hamilton cricket clubs, lost two games in this city, being beaten by Toronto on Friday and Rosedale on Saturday of last week. The visitors were particularly strong in bowling, Messrs. Davis, Henderson, Kelly and Waller making a quartette of first-class trundlers. Several good bats are in the team too. The Wanderers expressed themselves as highly pleased with their tour—with the cricket enjoyed and the welcome that awaited them everywhere. In conversation with one of the players I learned that the Wanderers' Club has a membership of two hundred and fifty, and that in addition to cricket they play tennis and football. Each Saturday they undertake to place three cricket elevens in the field, and while the touring team may be considered a representative one, yet I was given to understand that some of the best players in the club were unable to come along. The peculiar fact also came out that of the touring party the only native-born American was the umpire. The team was composed of two Scotchmen, Messrs. Fraser and Henderson; two Irishmen, Messrs. Lennan and Savage; one Welshman, Mr. D. C. Davies; and six Englishmen, Messrs. Davis, Williamson, Bradley, Waller, Snell, and Kelly, (who is an Englishman with an Irish name, he being a son of that Col. Kelly who recently distinguished himself in Egypt). It is an interesting fact that the team is made up exclusively of British-born players.

The Tecumsehs proved on Saturday last that the club stands next to the Capitals in speed, skill and team play. To be beaten 6 to 4 on the Ottawa grounds is really a triumph, and as such it will be regarded by the men who bet the money that the Capitals will win two to one. In the return game at the Island I should not be surprised to see the Indians reverse the Ottawa result. At the same time I do not advise betting on this, because lacrosse this year is about as unsafe a thing to bet on as one could imagine. I would advise no man to bet a cent on the game to be played here unless he saw the Ottawa game and is thus in a position to have personal knowledge of just what happened. Once a man came to Toronto and bet ten dollars that he could beat a local man in a foot race. He lost and then bet two hundred dollars that he could win if they ran it over again. He won it in a canter and ran his enterprise journey around the world. Let the Johnnies take this to heart. The Tecumsehs are nice boys and I believe they can just about win at the Island, but it is not a case where one should sell his bicycle to get dust to wader.

On Monday afternoon and evening the sports in connection with the celebration of Labor Day will take place at the Island Oval, and promise to be the best of the season. In the afternoon a programme comprising nineteen events has been provided, and in the evening a bicycle meet of six races, two professional and four amateur, will close the day's amusements. Handsome and valuable prizes will be awarded the winners, and from the number of high-class entries at present in the hands of the secretary the event promises to be the most successful of the year. A very handsome and elaborate silver jug has been presented to the committee by the officers and members of the Toronto Fire Brigade, and has been put up for annual competition and will be awarded to the labor organization whose members win the

Sans Peur et Sans Reproche.

Truth.
She—Why did you quarrel with her?

He—Oh, just to be gentlemanly. I wanted to break the engagement, so I could marry another girl. I had to do something mean so as to have a gentlemanly excuse.

"What a grasping fellow you are, Hawkins! You've bothered me about this bill fifty times in ten days." "You wrong me, Jarley. I'm not grasping. I've bothered you about the bill, I admit, but I haven't been able to grasp anything yet."

That Eve Upon the Lake.

For Saturday Night.
Dost thou remember
That eve upon the lake,
One sweet September?
Across the bay, in dreamland seemed to float
Twin souls within a tiny, swaying boat.
The gloaming deepened, and two stars shone bright;
In glassy depths—two rippling paths of light;
And thou didst ask, as their reflection fell
Athwart our buoyant barkie, "Come, dearest, tell
Which pathway wilt thou take?"
Dost thou remember,
One sweet September,
That eve upon the lake?

Dost thou remember
That eve upon the lake?
Love's golden ember
All barriers burned away in passion's glow
And tongue found voice with wavelets' ebb and flow.
The pure pale moon rose calmly in the sky
To gaze upon us, like an angel-eye;
While thou didst ask, amid that dream of bliss,
And I replied to thee and thy fond kiss,
"The pathway thou dost take!"
Dost thou remember,
One sweet September,
That eve upon the lake?

NORA LAUGHER.

The Days That Are To Be.

From Poems and Stories by the Webbing Sisters.
When the eyes are growing pensive,
And the smile begins to die,
And at its death the quickened breath,
May tremble to a sigh;
The tender lip can quiver, the smile must linger
there,
For then the heart is dreaming, of the dear old days
that were.

If thought and deed together,
In sympathy entire,
May plan and move, the hand may prove,
The eyes are filled with fire,
And resolute the mouth; unstayed by any bolt or
bar,
For now the heart is working in the happy days that
are.
When the brow is drawn together
And the face, untouched by years,
Is turning old with grief untold,
The lashes wet with tears,
The look may live a moment, by loving eyes unseen,
But oh! the heart was breaking for the days that
might have been.
When the eyes are wide with longing
And the cheek begins to glow,
When trouble sleeps and triumph leaps
To light the forehead so;
Oh, splendid dream of fortune those burning eyes
must see,
For then the heart is beating of the days that
are to be.

LUCY WEBLING.

Life.
Truth.
Be broke and the world ignores you;
Be flush and your friends all know,
And the borrower always borrows you
For the loan of a ten or so.
Be flush and you pay the piper,
And your friends all dance to the tune;
But the man who is broke,
With his watch in soak,
Has to play on his own bassoon.

Our Century Ride.

Collier's Weekly.
It was dawn, dewy dawn, when we rose; and we
heard
The sweet tremulous note of the first wakened bird,
That seemed half in joy for the birth of the light,
And half in regret for the death of the night.
It was morn, blushing morn, as we rode through the
street,
And the breeze in our faces with clover was sweet;
Then the sun rose in splendor above the blue hill,
But our dear little town it was slumbering still!
It was day, sunny day when we rode by the lake,
All the grove with the rapture of song was awake;
And we halted to listen, and breathe, as we stood,
The freshness and fragrance of water and wood.
It was noon, glowing noon, when we stayed by the
brink
Of a cool and clear river to gratefully drink;
And to lie in the grass and the shadow to rest
Ere we doubled the miles ridden out from the west.
It was dusk, quiet dusk, as we wheeled by the lake,
But the singers were silent in greenwood and brake;
And a rose in the sky, mirrored faint in the stream,
Was the day's parting breath, fading out like a dream.
It was night, peerless night, when we rode up the
street;
All the great stars above us shone lustrous and sweet;
And we smiled as we paused with our wheels at the
door,
For our dear little town was in slumber once more.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Vis Amoris.

Truth.
By gift of some mysterious law
I cannot fathom or divine,
Thy spirit hath the power to draw
And master mine.

Thou art the wind and I the tree,
The aspen, trembling and distressed;
The prairie bloom, the broken sea,
That cannot rest.

ARCHIBALD LAMPION.

Love Strong as Death.

Arts from Arcady.
O Death, when thou shalt come to me
From out thy dark, where she is now,
Come not with graveyard smell on thee,
Or withered roses on thy brow.
Come not, O Death, with hollow tone,
And soundless step, and clammy hand—
Than in thy desolate, doubtful land;
But with that sweet and subtle scent
That ever clung about her (such
As with all things she brushed was blent);
And with her quick and tender touch.
With the dim gold that lit her hair,
Crown thyself, Death; let fall thy tread
So light that I may dream her there,
And turn upon my dying bed.
And through my chilling veins shall flame
My love, as though beneath her breath;
And in her voice but call my name,
And I will follow thee, O Death.

H. C. BUNNER.

The Lucky One.

Truth.
Sapsmith—Miss Sally Gay bet me a dozen—
tee-hee!—kisses yesterday afternoon.
Askins—Do you suppose you will get them if
you win the bet?
Sapsmith—Yaaas, indeed! Jack Swift, who
called on her last night, told me this mawning
that he is holding the stakes.

A Bicycle Built for Two.

BY T. ANDEM.

HERE is a wide and unnecessary line of demarcation drawn between young men and married men, which often unconsciously implies that youth and its capabilities for enjoyment are forever laid aside at the hymeneal altar, and that the new responsibilities then assumed confer upon the newly married couple a status so different from that which they formerly enjoyed, that it is a trifle absurd to dream of their reverting in consort to the pleasures they have left behind them. When thus plainly stated, the idea is absurd; but in some more or less definite shape it lurks in the minds of many who would hesitate to confess that their conduct is governed largely by it. A sarcastic writer once published a book under the suggestive title, *How to be Happy, Though Married*. I never read the book—never felt the need of it; but I hope the end sought for by the author was duly attained.

These being my "sentiments," the reader is prepared to learn that my vacation included a week on a tandem bicycle, accompanied by Mrs. A. I am well aware that this sounds hum-drug, prosaic and ridiculous. To be truly interesting my companion should have been someone else—if possible, some other fellow's wife—in order that our performances might have a genuine public interest. As the dramatic critics like to say—when nothing else occurs to them—there is no plot and the story is devoid of incident; but I shall have to struggle against these disadvantages as best I can.

Our route lay west from Toronto, and foolishly we took the Lake Shore road. This was a mistake, for after passing Lorne Park the road is as bad as it can be. The cyclist who knows a good thing when he sees it will turn north at Lorne Park and trust to luck for a better road west; anything will be better, for nothing could be worse than the sandy hills that lie west of Lorne Park. If you are traveling purely for the fun of the thing, go to Burlington by boat; it is a trifle *infra dig*, of course, but it is impossible to extract any pleasure out of any of the roads between Toronto and Hamilton, for there are some fearful hills on both the Middle road and Dundas street.

And we were traveling for the fun of the thing. At one point in our journey a huge stone lay directly in front of us. Mrs. A. made up her mind to pass it on one side, I to pass it on the other. She said "Right," I said "Left," and with beautiful self-forgetfulness we each abandoned our own inclinations and adopted the opposite view, but, alas! without solving the problem that confronted us. The "problem" eventually sent us sprawling across a dusty road and into the ditch, with the bicycle on top of us.

"Now, that was your fault."

"No, it wasn't; I told you which side to go."

"I told you which side to go. Why didn't you do as I told you?"

"I did. You didn't go where you meant to go!"

"I didn't, that's so. We went where neither of us meant to go."

There we both burst out laughing. It was too funny to do anything but laugh. The spectacle of two middle-aged people, with considerable pretensions to respectability, sitting in the bottom of a ditch tangled up with an overturned bicycle, would move a stoic to merriment. And we were not stoics; so we laughed. I think now that, under the circumstances, that was the only proper thing to do. Subsequently we got up and straightened things around, and scooped the dust out of our clothes, and hair, and ears, and found our hats, but not till after we had got out of it all the fun there was in it. We were out for a good time and didn't want to miss any of it that Providence kindly, though unexpectedly, threw in our way.

Our route lay south-easterly from Stony Creek, and thanks to the ignorance of an aged female resident whose assurance largely exceeded her information, we were misdirected, and instead of finding ourselves on a good road we found one that was merely a cow track and altogether unridable. We struggled along it for a while till darkness and a coming storm warned us that further progress was impossible. This was serious; the night was as black as the inside of an infidel, which is understood by the orthodox to be the darkest spot in creation, and out of the murky sky came frequent goggled flashes of light that emphasized, as if emphasis were needed, the necessity of our finding shelter. Away to the south one solitary light gleamed, and towards it we made our uncertain way. Right generous was the welcome we received, for though away out there by themselves these farmer-folk had learned some things that some persons who would like to be considered better informed than they, have never known; and if this ever meets the eye of Archie Tweedie of Tweedside he will know that his kindly courtesy to two entire strangers will not soon be forgotten.

The answer to Sir Sydney Smith's questioning reply of "Whose?" in response to the advice tendered by an interested friend to the effect that he should get up early in the morning and take a walk on an empty stomach, is not recorded; but I cheerfully assent to the proposition embodied in it, namely, that when exercise is being taken, if empty stomachs are in order, that of the fellow taking the exercise ought to be exempt. Knowing our friends were expecting us we declined Mr. Tweedie's hospitable invitation to stay to breakfast, and started out soon after daylight. It was a grievous mistake. To a gentleman accustomed to the presence of provisions in a more or less completely assimilated condition, that two hours' ride was not pleasant. Never will I forsake thee again, O, my breakfast! Where I go, there you shall be also.

My first wife, who is also the present Mrs. A., for I married too young to have a "past"—at least, none worth speaking of—and myself spent the next few days in paying a few visits which are of no importance to the public, though the editor of the local paper thought differently and duly chronicled our movements in leaded long primer. To be sure, the announcement of our momentous advent was sandwiched in between intimations that the infant appertaining to the local tinsmith had



She—Men never do brave deeds nowadays to show their love for women.
He—Don't they? They marry them.

the measles, and that the school shed was receiving a new coat of paint. I suppose, though, we had no right to complain. One finds one's level more quickly in the columns of a newspaper than anywhere else that I know of; and we had an uncomfortable suspicion that the readers of that journal were more interested in the respective conditions of the educational outbuilding and the measly baby than they were likely to be in us. That ought to be a good antidote to conceit, and I trust the moral effect of the lesson was not wholly thrown away.

It threatened rain when we left Welland, and Mrs. A., who has all the antipathy of the domestic hen to unpremeditated external moisture, urged haste. We hastened and made the trip to the Falls in forty-five minutes. This will incite some lunatic to remark that *he can do it in forty-four*. All right; I yield him pre-eminence ungrudgingly. According to latest advices we beat that rain-storm by three weeks, without time allowance; and there is no satisfaction in distancing an opponent that is so far behind as that. It would have been glorious, now, to have made a hurried but dramatic entrance into the — Hotel (name will be inserted at usual advertising rates), eighteen and one-half seconds ahead of a deluge. It would have been a magnificent and effective climax; but as it was, we sneaked across the Bridge under now cloudless sky, feeling unspeakably mean and undersized, and so far forgot ourselves as to tell the truth to the customs official at the other end. There cannot, I suppose, be any better proof of complete loss of nerve than that.

Beyond a doubt, the most magnificent view of the Falls themselves is to be obtained from the Canadian side, but nine-tenths of the people who see them do so from the other. Handicapped as they were by nature, the Yankees set to work energetically to atone for natural defects. They utilized the artistic beauties of the Sister Islands to the fullest advantages, and declined to allow a noisy, squeaking trolley line to monopolize the best view points along the river bank. That their energy was not misdirected was evidenced by the fact that while the people on the Canadian side were in isolated groups of two and three, the American Park and the Islands were crowded. Naturally these people went where the greatest effort had been made to entertain them, and this state of things can be depended upon to continue until equal efforts are made on our side of the river to render its natural attractiveness available.

It is not pleasant to point out that every possible difficulty has been thrown in the way of access to the Whirlpool Rapids from the Canadian side except to those who choose to patronize the Niagara Falls Park and River Railroad. The road running north along the river from the Falls starts out bravely enough but soon becomes vague and indefinite, and finally in the last half-mile succumbs under the imposition of a lot of utterly impassable broken stone—splintered rocks would be a better description—and ends abruptly at an ugly car shed. It would have been a simple matter to have reserved a roadway along the river bank when the railroad was under construction, and with trifling expenditure one of the liveliest drives in the neighborhood might have been created out of what is now practically a *cul de sac*. As it is at present, in order to get to the Whirlpool by road you have to forsake the river bank altogether, and after a long detour you are informed that the Whirlpool is in the neighborhood by a dilapidated sign-board about the size of a shingle nailed to a fence corner. There is no road leading directly to the Whirlpool, but by crossing a farm-yard and climbing a barbed-wire fence you find yourself on the bank of the river. I do not know how intelligent were the efforts that were made—if indeed any were made—to preserve for the public that which ought to belong to them and not to private individuals, but it is plain that the present condition of things is little short of a disgrace.

Our American cousins are waking up to the practical advantages of good roads. The road from the Falls to Buffalo—never very bad from a Canadian standpoint—is being repaired in long stretches with a sort of slag that makes a surface as durable as asphalt and more pleasant to ride on than the finest gravel. It appeared to be less dusty than an ordinary gravel road and not liable to wear into ruts. From a bicyclist's point of view it is perfect, and Street Commissioner Jones should find out how it is done.

So ended, as does everything, our week's holiday on a tandem bicycle. It was a dream of freedom. We traveled in defiance of timetables and in sublime indifference to anybody's wishes except our own. We could go anywhere we liked—or we thought we could, which, in subjective results, is precisely the same thing. We were free, gloriously free,

Queen City took part in the races, is not a bad showing.

Various small fires succeeded the "general," and the victories were duly celebrated in the tents of the winners.

Friday morning desolation began and happy homes became waste places with a rapidity which was heartrending. The "sow" arrived for the racing-men's boats and the general exodus set in. Some remained over until Monday, but to all intents and purposes the meet of '96 was over. Next year the Northern Division take charge and, with Mr. J. N. Mc Kendrick of Galt as commodore, will try to make '97 a record-breaker. Grindstone has been decided upon as the location, and some of the work of preparation is already in hand. Toronto should make a firm resolve to capture the meet next year, and instead of having six or eight men in camp there should be fifty at least from the Queen City. If the Toronto Canoe Club know a good thing when they hear about it, they will go down in a body to Grindstone and show the jolly fellows who gather there that there are others and lots of them.

BEN.

Cause and Effect.

IN the elegant bachelor quarters which he occupied that day for the first time, Philip Varney sat, overlooking the roofs of meager houses, and, as he smoked, speculating upon the human contents of the larger house that uprose with an air of some pretension a few short yards across an alley. The surrounding houses were divided into apartments for families and individuals of the better class, but the house in question had the markings of a private residence. The small but elaborately decorated plot of ground at the rear suggested that the place was a Home—and homes are curiosities in that particular part of New York.

He had begun musing idly on his plans, when out from the window of the important house across the alley came a flood of song. At first he paid little attention, but soon the rich liquid notes attracted him. He leaned forward. He placed his cigar on the table at his side, and its fire paled and died. The song came from the window straight opposite—a French love song, slower in measure than the generality of such pieces, and seductive in its melody. Varney was singularly fond of music and had a tenor voice of unusual merit. He had heard Patti and all the queens of grand opera, but here in the twilight he felt that the sweetest singer he had ever heard was the unknown female who put such passion into this old French song. There was the delight of meeting, the ecstasy of embracing, the anguish of parting, and the grief of separation—the sad heart-sickness of separation. Varney felt all that the song meant. He moved with its moods. He had never experienced love, but in the song he caught a glimpse of its mystery. The song ended, and though he waited for an hour, the fair singer did not resume.

Night after night, at the hour of dusk, he sat at his window and was always rewarded with a song—sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, but more often in English, and generally a simple and soulful ballad. All his endeavors to secure information as to the personality of the divine singer were futile.

One night as the singer concluded the French love song which had first attracted his notice, he sat down at his piano and sang the song himself, sang as he never had done before. As he finished he caught a glimpse of a face as it hastily withdrew from The Window. And so it came about that night after night, unknown to each other and unseen of each other, they sang love back and forth. 'Twas a romantic affair, but Varney the hard-headed plunged into it with all his soul. The lady never exposed herself at the window, and in his songs Varney made plain of this to no purpose. He was madly in love with a Voice.

One day Varney was introduced to a youth and found out that he lived in The House. He cultivated the acquaintance until ere long he found himself within its doors.

"My sister," said the youth.

And entering the door, there came, as Varney's heart gave a tremendous lurch, a small-sized girl, crippling along on a crutch—a little, old, lame sort of girl-woman, an object of pity.

When she spoke, 'twas the Voice of the singer.

"Won't you sing for us, Tiny?" said the Youth.

"I—I—really—cannot," and the poor little bundle astonished the Youth by bursting into tears. She cared nothing, but abandoned herself to sobbing.

"Why, Tiny," indignantly exclaimed the Youth, "what will Mr. Varney think? You must excuse her, Mr. Varney, she is your invalid. Come," he said briskly, "let me help you to your room."

And physicians said that sobbing and melancholy were peculiar to her malady.

Men said that she was eccentric, sullen, greedy. When he died, forty years later, and bequeathed a million dollars to the hospitals of New York, they said that it would take more money than that to atone for the lives he had ground under his heel while living.

MACK.

How It Happened.



Old Boy—What caused your dyspepsia?
Henpeck—My wife disagreed with me so much, I guess.

Special Letter From Paris.

PARIS, August 23.

UHEN I looked at Dolly standing before me buttoning her gloves and wearing a sweet, enticing smile, I felt cross, for I knew she wanted me to do something in the way of walking, and I felt as lazy as I could be. Dolly is not my sister, so with her sweet smile she bade me go and get ready to show her the way to Rue Something-or-other.

If she had been my sister I naturally should have told her to leave me alone, but being only a friend no such liberty was allowed me, so I went into my room, curled my bangs, made sure that my skirt did not sag down in the back, and appeared again wearing a forced smile of amiability. After nearly losing ourselves and also our tempers, we reached the place Dolly wanted. Of course the person was out, they always are when one really would like them to be in. After spending a lot of breath in sarcasm we thought to make the walk worth while we would visit the tomb of Napoleon. As we were tired we went into a little English restaurant and had some tea. There a party of young English girls were eating ice-cream and giggling. There are so many girls like that to be met with in Paris. My idea is that their parents are disappointed in them when they come out of the nursery and send them off with a chaperone for a year abroad in order that they may get some sense preparatory to coming out and getting married. A common error of all English-speaking people in Paris is—they never give their countrymen credit for having money enough to visit France or sense enough to understand English. I never think that perhaps the ordinary individual near me might be a Canadian, and I am always astonished to hear anybody else speak my own tongue over here. One had much better speak boarding-school French, for nobody besides your schoolmates can understand that.

After leaving the restaurant, where we had been well amused, we walked down to the Seine and took a steamboat for the Pont des Invalides. These little Seine boats are suggestive of young roosters before they have any gorgeous plumage to boast of and not much voice. Now, did you ever witness the efforts of one of these lords of the farm-yard to make an impression? They are like boys of sixteen who try to flirt with girls of eighteen. These tubs of the "river of suicides" make one think of something small and concealed. Their whistle is dreadful, something like a bray. We were glad to get off, away from the vile tobacco-smoke that Frenchmen are too stingy to better by paying five cents more for a good cigar. We crossed the bridge, stopping in the middle to look at the really fascinating water that flowed on past us. It looked restful and even inviting to us two. We deliberated the possibility of being recognized in the Morgue, then giggled a little and passed on. How many broken hearts have stood looking at that restful, smiling water and never reached the other end of the bridge! Who knows but some day our lightheartedness will be gone and we will long to drop down off the stone span and float down to eternity, at rest on the top of the water. The worst of it is, it isn't like that. I guess people are very far gone if they care to strangle and sputter and die with their mouths full of pollywogs and refuse, just to be dead. I'd rather live. It is bad enough to be ducked under salt water by a malicious uncle.

We wore ourselves out going about with our heads tilted back looking for the gilded dome of Les Invalides. I wished to ask the way of a workman, a ferocious-looking man with dimples in his cheeks, but Dolly objects to speaking to strange men, especially if I do the talking; she has the more fascinating smile. Dolly nudged me to accost a woman with a large Roman nose who was seen coming along the almost deserted avenue. I am afraid of women with that kind of nose, especially if they look as though they had a purpose. At any rate this lady was very polite, directed us to our destination, then calmly announced that the building had been closed for an hour. Of course this piece of news delighted us; we thanked the "Roman General," as we named her, as though she had shown us a way to conjure up francs.

Not caring to go home we started for a walk along the Seine with the intention of taking a boat up to our original starting-point. We had the road to ourselves. We laughed, made remarks about French customs and were happy. We admired the statues that ornament the numerous bridges, watched the traffic of the river, tried to conjure up some enthusiasm over the House of Deputies, but failed, for it is a sombre-looking building, the front porch supported by tall pillars, like the Parthenon. Then we boarded a steamboat. It was beginning to be evening, and the setting sun shining through the clouds made the time romantic. The tired business men going home to supper, the *wasch-frau*, with her basket on her knee, and the gaily dressed music teacher with a fagged expression, all seemed to awaken a sort of sympathy in me, when that angelic whistle awakened me from my musings and we were hurried on to the wharf by the conductor or ticket collector, whatever he was.

On our way from the Seine to our *appartement* we two girls came to the conclusion that we knew more about Paris after our walk than if we had found a guide and gone about with a Baedeker. We both agreed that we would like to do the same thing every day, also that we had enjoyed ourselves immensely. We gave up talking then, for hunger and fatigue were telling on us.

DONA.

That Slow Boy.

Mrs. Customer—That lamb you sent me, Mr. Stintwaite, was the largest and toughest mutant I ever saw.

Mr. Stintwaite—Tut, tut! It's that boy bin loitering again. I assure you, ma'am, when that joint left the shop it was the sweetest little leg of lamb you ever set eyes on; and I gave him strict orders to deliver it at once, because you wanted it young.

"I thought Wibble was such a good rider, and here he goes and smashes his wheel against a brewery wagon." "That wasn't awkwardness. It was a case of fascination."—Indianapolis Journal.

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St. Paul. Sept. 9 | 10 St. Louis. Sept. 23 | 10
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RED STAR LINE
NEW YORK-ANTWERP
FRIESLAND. Wednesday, Sept. 9, noon
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Anecdotal.

The late Mr. Allingham used to walk with Carlyle in the evening, when Carlyle would "rave at everything and propose nothing." One evening, on returning to the gate, Mr. Allingham ventured to say, "I have listened to you with great pleasure, Mr. Carlyle, but I do not entirely agree with you." "Allingham!" returned the injured sage; "you always will have the last word!"

The late John S. Holmes being told, upon the death of a certain judge, that it was proposed to erect a monument to him, he observed that it ought to be a bass-relief. Another judge was holding court, and the sun shone upon the back of his head. Holmes whispered to the clerk: "A beautiful illustration of Scripture—'the light shineth upon the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.'"

An aged man sauntering across a Cleveland street the other day was rudely jostled by a youthful wheelman. The collision tumbled the rider off and the old gentleman promptly grabbed him by the ear. "Durn you," he said with considerable asperity, "I've a great mind to take you across my knee and spank you good." But he did not do it. He just held the young fellow minute and then let him go. "Why didn't you spank him, uncle?" said a bystander. "Well," replied the old man, "I certainly would, if I hadn't been a little afraid that mebby it was a girl."

Mr. Barney Barnato is a capable amateur actor. At Kimberley Theater Royal he often took the place of some absent professional. He tells funny stories of those days. Once he was playing Jacob McClosky in the Octo-roon, and had just come to the climax where he offers twenty-five thousand dollars for the girl at the slave auction. The audience was worked to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and one of them to a good deal beyond it, for he, swarthy gold-miner that he was, leaped up in the pit and shouted, "By thunder! I'll go twenty-six." Everybody roared except Barnato.

Max O'Rell, of course, is dead against all Maine liquor laws and Permissive Bills, and he expresses his sentiments in the following characteristic anecdote: Ah! how I remember admiring, in the hot days of blue-ribbonism in England, that free Briton I once met who had a yellow ribbon in his button-hole. "What's that you have on?" I said to him. "That's a yellow ribbon," he replied. "I belong to the yellow ribbon army." "Ah, and what is it the yellow ribbon army do?" I enquired. "What do we do?" he said; "why, we eat what we like, we drink what we like, and we don't care for nobody."

There is another, and what appears to be a truer version of the story of W. G. Grace, after running up a big score at Marlborough twenty-five years ago, going to the college chapel in the evening and hearing a hymn sung with the words "Grace shall triumph still." The new version is contributed to *The Whitehall Review* by Rev. J. H. Hodgson, vicar of Whitchurch, Hants. This gentleman was a member of the choir on that occasion, and says that the facts are that Grace, after hitting a sixer, was bowled by J. E. Kempe in the first over. In chapel the well known evening hymn was sung containing the words, "the scanty triumphs Grace hath won"—a sentiment not only strictly true, but highly gratifying to the pride of Marlborough cricketers.

An English canon of note used to tell a good story of himself. In his capacity of magistrate he was once visiting the county gaol, and expatiated to a friend who was with him on the virtues of the treadmill. Warning with his theme, he declared that he often wished he had one at home to give him the gentle exercise he required, but was too lazy to take, except under compulsion; and, to remove his friend's scepticism, he asked the warden to give him a turn. Round went the mill, the canon declaring that the movement was delightful; but after two minutes of it he had had quite enough, and called on the officer to stop the mill. To his horror the officer answered: "Very sorry, sir; I can't. It's timed to go fifteen minutes, and won't stop before."

Mr. Wools Sampson, one of the two Reform prisoners who still refuse to sign any petition for release, is a colonist of varied experience. During the Boer War of 1881, Mr. Sampson fought with the British troops, and the story is told of how he and old Botha, a well-known Boer, potted away at each other. Sampson thought he had hit Botha, and raised his head above his stone, when a bullet ploughed his neck. Botha, elated, exclaimed, behind his stone, "Mij man's doot!" and also exposed himself, only to receive another shot. Sampson thought, "That time I had him!" and raised himself slightly, but a bullet grazed him on

the side, and he dropped. Botha made sure he had now shot his man, and jumped up—only to be laid low again. Many a time since, these two have had a friendly chat about this encounter. Mr. Botha lately expressed a wish to see his old enemy at liberty, as he considers Sampson "een extra dappere kerel!"—"an extra clever chap!"

One day as Dr. Busby, the famous schoolmaster of Westminster, sat in his class-room a stone came through the window. The doctor, in great wrath, sent down a prepostor to find out the author of the mischief. Outside a number of boys were playing and the prepostor demanded, in Busby's name, that the culprit should be given up. Now, there happened to be standing in the playground, looking on at the boys' sports, a fashionably dressed young Frenchman, and one of the boys—*mendax*—pointed him out as the window breaker. (This boy, by the way, so original and audacious, must have been famous in after life, perhaps as a judge or a bishop.) Several other boys took the cue and corroborated his evidence. The unsuspecting Frenchman was politely requested to step upstairs, and having been thus lured into the lion's den, before he knew what was to do, he was seized by two strong prepostors and soundly birched by the indignant Busby. The Frenchman rushed home in a fury and next day wrote challenge to the doctor, which was duly presented by his valet. Busby must have seen him coming and guessed his errand, for on reading the missive he thus addressed him: "Young man, yesterday taught your master manners; now I must do the same for you!" At a signal two men-servants entered, who held the astonished flunkie, while the doctor again administered a sound flogging. The man rushed home and told his master, who, the story says, was so terrified by the treacherous behavior of these rascals that he packed up forthwith and fled over sea to his native land.

Between You and Me.

I WAS thinking to-day of the mission of the beautiful, and of how little real beauty the dweller in an asphalted city street, with rows of brick and plaster houses, can enjoy, when he or she has leisure to enjoy anything. We have so little beauty in our streets; there are the trees, set primly, and often wearing crinolines of green wire about their bare trunks. (By the way, how diphtheric and mumpish they look now, those poor trees, each with his bandage of white cotton batting five feet above the ground, redolent of some unholy lotion for the discomfiture of our scourge, the tuftosk moth!) And the trees lining our streets are not able to be beautiful as they should. I should fancy the spirit of a tree would sicken of trying to shade that roasting asphalt, and the leaves would grow weary looking wistfully for a shy violet, a yellow primrose, a blue forget-me-not, such as should grow beneath their shade. Fences are a prohibition against the beautiful, though they are, thank the fates! gradually vanishing. A fence, beside its inherent ugliness, has such a mistrustful, selfish, narrowing effect. Those little front yards, a few feet square and tightly fenced in, are the ugliest things! Our windows are often so ugly too, blank cream blinds, square sashes filled with vulgar staring plate-glass panes. All summer long I frame mine in vines and blink awnings over them, but when the cold weather comes they look worse than ever! There was light enough, in beautiful picture-days, when the windows were diamond-paneled and quaintly pointed, and before every thing was staring and large.

LADY GAY.

I wonder if the women who fidget and fan themselves these hot summer mornings during the sermon, ever think what the effect is on the preacher. Once a clergyman told me that he could scarcely go on with his sermon and see one hundred fans waving, quick, slow, jerky, stately, before him. However, the fan season will soon be over, and we may get ready to welcome the lady whose fans have been wrapped up with moth exterminator, and wish someone would fan her a mile away.

Weary Watkins—Ain't you afraid of havin' 'pendicitis? Mosley Wrags—No. Why?

Weary Watkins—Thought maybe you were. You're lookin' so seedy.

In color and meek in cut, and utterly devoid of frills and furbelows. I agree with the Puritan outfit, and find all conspicuous and dashing garb distracting. But what can be done with the lady who has a bird-of-paradise hat and glories therein, or the stately dame whose passementerie cost three dollars a yard and who sits next to a woman she is jealous of, or the girl who has a new diamond engagement ring, or the one who got her best frock in Paris? They will wear these things to church, and bob, and glitter, and flash, and rustle all through the service, until one doesn't wonder that St. Paul let out at them occasionally. But you see, you woman who wrote to me, that they didn't stop for him, and do you suppose they would for you and me?

Consequently you are mistaken in referring to my descriptions. 2. Your writing shows a receptive nature, careless method, sympathetic and bright mind. You are a bit of a humbug, apt to enthuse and cool off quickly; prone to idealize people and things and then feel aggrieved if they fall your standard. Don't be so full of yourself and your own affairs. I shouldn't be surprised if you incline to literature.

WHEELER A. L.—1. What have I done to be described as "a handsome young man, dark mustache, lovely hazel eyes, wearing a bicyclic suit, and being an ideal"—oh, my! Better be, as your friend says I am, "a crabbed old woman with glasses." Anything you like, however. 2. I haven't the least idea what the lady meant. It was not a lady-like remark. 3. Your writing shows an easy-going, good-tempered, hopeful and rather light-hearted person, firm in purpose, independent in thought, fond of fun, sympathetic and a rather attractive girl, who would be well worth a good deal of culture.

KATHLEEN.—1. I cannot send you a private delineation just because you enclose stamp and coupon. 2. Your writing shows extreme susceptibility, great mistrust and nervousness. You are bound to be miserable. I don't at all wonder at it, so long as you suspect everyone. You are high-strung, conceited, not over candid, fond of ease and very obstinate in your opinions. At the same time you are capable of warm affection, very talented, and should do fine work if you only would. I decidedly think you are clever at music, and you have an excellent sense of humor. Don't you make a practice of mimicry? Take care, my girl. I have used your stamp to send some pictures to a little sick child in the Hospital.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unaccompanied by coupons are not studied.

OCEANIA.—You did not enclose the coupon. Kindly read Rules.

J. E. H.—Not for much just yet. You lack decision and experience. Truth, modesty, care, good sense, some love of beauty, and a prudent, earnest and painstaking nature.

FRANCIS.—I cannot make anything of your attempt. If it is a disguised hand, don't do it again; if not, try to cultivate the other slant. This one is quite fatal to clearness and individuality.

JESS GRAY.—I haven't the slightest idea how to knit a bed-quilt. They are very heavy and not at all warm. You would find one only good for using as a day-spread. I should certainly not advise you to sleep under it. Get an eiderdown. They cost anything from five to forty dollars, and will keep you warm on the coldest nights.

DOLLY.—Do not marry him or you will regret it. The man is utterly selfish and stronger than you, erratic and wobbly creature. Take my advice, Dolly dear, keep yourself and your "little fortune" out of his clutches. Quite true, but being twenty-one doesn't ensure having sense. It is sensible of you to ask advice; it will be still more sensible if you take it, which I sincerely hope you will.

LAERTES.—Refinement, conservatism, talent and considerable concentration are shown. Writer is neat and methodical, with plenty of self-control, hopeful rather than despondent, with good reasoning powers, and a practical view of life. There is much that is attractive in this study, and I fancy the writer is reserved and not very quick at making friends. It has great strength and great weakness combined.

AMERICAN GIRL.—Anything but horrid you will! Your writing shows impulsive feeling and action, quick response, probably a bright and vivacious manner, adaptable, good-natured and affectionate; hope is strong and disposition rather trusting. When you sober down you will make a first-rate debater, having unusually clear sequence of ideas and strong magnetism. A very live study, frank, fresh and free.

TRAVEL.—I have never been to the Pacific coast,

as I saw one to-day. And, naturally, seeing the boulevard is *pro bono publico*, I should not tax the watering of it.

I have always in my mind one beautiful street when I think on the mission of the beautiful. First, there is a very wide pavement, then a drive-way, then a row of trees, then a foot-path, and dividing the street in the center is a wide strip of sod, planted with lovely trees. Here a fountain, there a group of seats; further on a statue, again a bed of bright flowers, making a ribbon of park for miles, just in the middle of this grand, beautiful street. I have never seen another like it, and don't believe there is another, this street of streets in the Andrássy street in Pesth, far away in eastern Europe. If there were no little cribby fences, our own Jarvis street would be strong in power of beauty to move the people. I like it best in early morning, when the shadows of its east side trees stretch darkly across and the myriads of wheels skim blithely southward to boats, to business, or perhaps for an idle whirr in search of a breakfast appetite.

Travel.—I have never been to the Pacific coast, as I saw one to-day. And, naturally, seeing the boulevard is *pro bono publico*, I should not tax the watering of it.

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The picture gallery at the Industrial Fair presents this year many of its usual features. A large number of the pictures are familiar to us here (though they will be new to most of the visitors), the walls are well covered, and the standard is certainly higher than any previous year. This original remark has been made before, but it is as true now as last year or the year before, for each Exhibition has seen a steady improvement in the art department. A number of pictures loaned by Mr. William Christie of the Park strike a new note; the most remarkable of these shows the interior of a barn, with several artists at work sketching from a cow and a pig that are the chief objects of interest. These are solidly painted, splendidly modeled, truthfully given, even to the uncured tail of pig as he eats, which we were told was "true to nature." Other objects in the picture keep their distance well and go to form a background for these two. The figure of the artist himself (whose name we could not decipher on the canvas and at time of writing could not learn from catalogue) rather mars the composition, as he sits prominently in the foreground in a very posing attitude. Another little canvas from the same source is a gem by Battaglia, called O Siesta; it is the reclining figure of a dark-eyed beauty, the remains of a meal on the low table beside her. Without being a very interesting subject, there can be no doubt as to the admirable workmanship—the accuracy of the drawing and the charming color and the sure touch. A group of horses by Kalreuth of Munich is very fine in its knowledge of the models and its grouping. Mr. C. A. Stanley Clark lends a group called The School Mistress, by the English artist, William Owens, who was beginning his career as Sir Joshua Reynolds closed his, and who shows the influence of that great painter of children in his work. This picture is no exception, for in the little heads at the right we are reminded strongly of Sir Joshua's subjects, and somewhat less so in the chubby figure with back partly turned towards you who stands on a stool reading his lesson to the old dame, she with her horned spectacles in hand and open book on her lap. I leave the picture with several clearly defined impressions—that it is well painted, that those are very childlike, lifelike children, and that it is a great pity that at their age they should be asked to look at a book. Another valuable loan from a Toronto lady is a charming English landscape by Ernest Parton, with the smooth water and the lovely foliage that artist knows so well how to paint.

Across the room, Mr. Homer Watson's path by the willows shows well, though hung so high, and its hazy atmosphere and blue-greens are much nearer the color of nature than much of his later work. Three pictures by Mr. Carl Ahrens are excellent specimens of his manner some years ago, a manner he has almost forsaken apparently. The old house front, on which the shadow and sunlight fall, with a glimpse of the interior, is pleasant to look on. The two examples of Paul Peel's work belong evidently to his early career; there is some fine color in one in the light falling through the window on the wall, but the poorly built figure in the ill-fitting gown is not what

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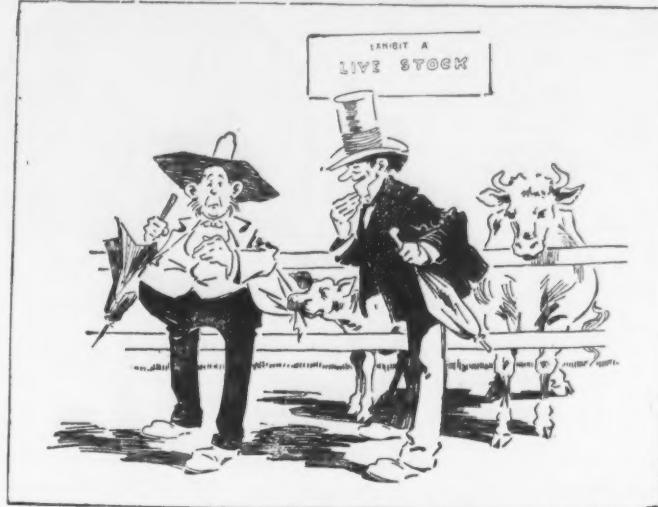
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I

would like to direct the attention of my

Scalped at the Fair.



Mr. Short—These animals ought to be fed more regularly while on exhibition.
Mr. Whigwearing—Oh, no. They don't need it.



Cow—They don't, eh? Well, here goes for a little free lunch, anyway.

the artist could do by a long way. Of new work, Miss Van den Broeck's girl in blue ball-dress is beautifully painted, and the letter in her hand seems to give the reason for her pensive attitude and the pleased expression on her rather simpering face. It somehow fails to be a pleasing or even interesting picture, though there is much to admire in the faithful depicting of minor effects and detail. Mr. Kidd's old man with the violin is quite a success, although the child at the piano whom he is accompanying gives the impression of a frightened, hunched up girl who is uncomfortable in position and not enjoying the music. By the same artist is a boy rolling some apples out of a basket on to the table; the action expressed as he reaches forward to catch the one about to fall off, is good, and the fruit is painted so as to convey the idea of solidity and texture admirably. Mr. Challener also shows something new in his stable interior with a girl milking. The light falls from a small window and shows much color in the old boards, in the hay, and the warm brown of the cow. While the general drawing is good, there is no superfluous knowledge of anatomy shown; the figure of the girl as she fills the foaming pail is well done, and the two purplish tones of her bodice and skirt make a note of color in pleasing harmony with the whole interior. Of the water-colors, what remains that is new and worthy of note, of a number of the portraits, we hope to have something again.

readers, and especially those who are in the city from a distance, to a large painting by Léonard, entitled Shakespeare or the Glory of Great Britain, now on view at the gallery of Roberts & Son, King street west. It is impossible in a paragraph to describe this great conception, in which portraits are given of all Shakespeare's characters—not merely portraits, either, but expressive of the whole tragedy or comedy in which they bear a part. The picture is calculated to produce a sensation.

We note the death, on August 25, of Mr. Benoni Irwin, who was drowned near Willimantic, Conn. Though intending to refer at greater length to his career another time, it may be said he was a well known portrait painter in New York, and that Mr. W. A. Sherwood has in his studio a portrait of Mr. J. C. Forbes, now of Utica, N. Y., painted by Mr. Irwin, which is a notable bit of work.

Mr. M. Matthews has denied himself his usual trip to the Rockies this summer, and, instead, has spent his time perfecting an invention which is in no way related to art, but seems to be successful all the same. The brushes and palette have only been having a rest though, and are now ready for work.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid expect to return to Toronto somewhat earlier than usual this year. October 1 will probably find them here.

Mrs. M. H. Holmsted of Dundas is soon to hold an exhibition of her paintings—landscape, flowers, and sketches of birds—at the Roberts gallery, King street west. LYNN C. DOYLE.

Harvest Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: July 21, August 4 and 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6 and 20, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

Here's an Important Item.

Has it occurred to you how easy, comfortable and convenient it is now to take a day trip from Toronto to New York? If not, just a moment while we tell you. You can leave Toronto every weekday at 9:05 a.m., get a through parlor car to Buffalo, without change, via the Grand Trunk and New York Central, reaching Buffalo at 12:30 p.m. Leave on the Empire State Express from the same station, via the New York Central, at 1:00 p.m., stopping only at Rochester, Syracuse, Utica and Albany. The many advantages of this trip are, that you go through pleasantly and quickly with only one change of cars from Toronto to New York. Avoid night travel. Land at Grand Central Station, the center of New York. Ride on the Empire State Express and the New York Central, which is and always will be America's greatest railroad. You can buy through tickets via the New York Central at any regular ticket office. For information desired, not obtainable at such offices, address Edson J. Weeks, General Agent N. Y. C. & H. R. R., 1 Exchange street, Buffalo.

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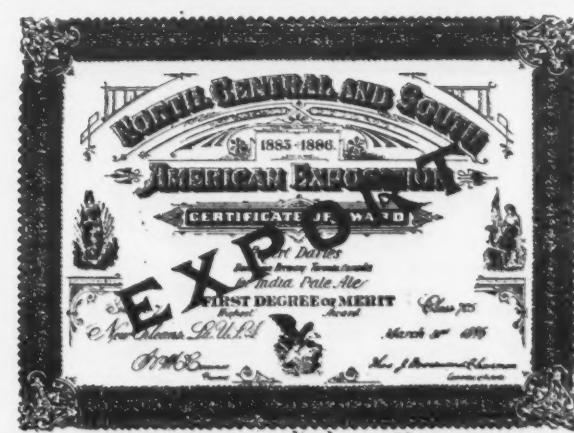


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"Were you ever bothered by horse thieves out here?" enquired the tourist. "Well, yes," said the native of Oklahoma, "there used to be a good many hanging around, but I haven't seen one for a year." —*Truth*.

Arthur—"Are you sure she loves you?" Jack—"Yes; when I told her I had no money to marry on, she asked me if I couldn't borrow some." —*Puck*.

"Does young Whittle know much about politics?" "Well, yes," said the native of Oklahoma, "he has had several chances to run for office and didn't do it." —*Washington Star*.

Newson—"Say, what do they raise in these New York roof gardens?" Newson—"Peaches." "My dear boy, garden! Newson—"Peaches" in the vaudeville business." —*Philadelphia North American*.



Music.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music resumed its work on Tuesday last. A new calendar has just been issued by this prosperous institution, which, by the way, has just entered upon its tenth season. The calendar has been carefully revised and arranged and gives full information respecting the history, work and aims of the Conservatory, which in June last completed its ninth and most successful year. Each year has shown a steady increase in the number of pupils attending. The prosperity of the institution may be regarded as proof of public appreciation of the high standard of its work and the artistic development which is noticeable in all its departments. The departments of study embrace all branches of music, both practical and theoretical, including the piano, organ, voice, violin, orchestral instruments and piano tuning. Elocution, physical culture and languages also receive a prominent place in the work of the institution. The Conservatory is affiliated with the University of Toronto and with Trinity University, which possess the authority conferred by Royal Charter to grant the degrees of Mus. Bac. and of Mus. Doc. All the departments of instruction and work of the Conservatory are under the supervision of Mr. Edward Fisher, the well known and energetic musical director. The staff will, as heretofore, consist only of thoroughly qualified teachers, including many of the foremost of Canadian musicians.

The chorus committee of the Philharmonic Society held a meeting on Thursday evening of last week at the residence of the conductor, Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, 226 Jarvis street. It was decided to produce the following works during the season of 1896-97: Rossini's Stabat Mater, early in the fall, and The Messiah in December, in accordance with the annual custom. In May, 1897, in honor of Her Majesty's long reign, a grand festival will be given of two evening concerts and a matinee, when Judas Maccabeus, the Erl-King's Daughter, and other works will be sung, and Mr. Anger's song of thanksgiving, cantata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, will receive its first performance in Canada. This last mentioned work, which received first prize in competition held in England several years ago, among the judges being Sir Arthur Sullivan, was produced in part at the Church of the Ascension, Toronto, last season with small chorus accompanied by organ. The committee of the Philharmonic have, however, decided to produce the work with full orchestral accompaniment at their proposed festival in May next, on which occasion it will receive its first Canadian performance in its complete form.

Attention of readers of this column is drawn to the professional card which appears on this page, of Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., A.T.C.M. Mr. Hardy is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils for instruction in piano playing or musical theory. His career as a student of music has been a most successful one. Last year he won the special scholarship awarded by Mr. J. Humfrey Anger at the Conservatory of Music to the most talented pupil in musical composition. Mr. Hardy also won the gold medal in the Mus. Bac. examination at Trinity University and has won both good and silver medals at the Conservatory of Music in competitions held at the last mentioned institution. As a teacher he is thoroughly equipped for his work and bids fair to make his mark among Canadian musicians of the first rank.

Herr Rudolf Ruth, of the College of Music staff, returns to the city from Germany this week. In company with Sig. Dinelli, Herr Ruth made an extended bicycle tour of Italy, Switzerland and Germany. In a letter received at this office he describes his experiences as having been most interesting both from a tourist's and a musician's point of view. At Frankfort he heard excellent performances in the magnificent opera house of that fine city, of Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Meistersinger, Haensel and Gretel, and other works. Richard Strauss' splendid Vienna orchestra also concertized in Frankfort during his sojourn in that city and did much to make things lively there in a musical way during the past month.

A capital nautical song, King of the Mighty Sea, words and music by Mr. S. T. Church, has just been issued by the enterprising publishing house of Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. In this song Mr. Church has succeeded in giving an excellent musical setting to a very attractive and cleverly written text. The song is full of character, the music very bright and tuneful, and the general effect most commendable. Taken all in all, it is one of the most effective songs issued in the city for a considerable time and should enjoy a large sale. Baritones will find in the King of the Mighty Sea a song which will be welcomed alike by singers and the public.

Applications for admission to the Mendelssohn Choir are being received in large numbers. All applications should be sent in on or before September 15, after which candidates will be notified of the time and place of voice test. As before mentioned in this column, only well qualified singers will be admitted to membership. It will be a waste of time for any but competent choristers to apply. Application blanks can be obtained from the chairman of the chorus committee, Mr. A. E. Huestis, 33 King street east, or the conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt, 61 Pembroke street.

One of the most interesting musical exhibits at the great Industrial Fair this year is Mr. Joseph Hugill's excellent display of violins. The exhibit is on the first floor of the main building and is well worthy of a visit by all who attend the Exhibition and are interested in violins. Mr. Hugill, whose regular place of business is at 445 Yonge street, has long been known in Toronto and throughout the province as a successful maker and repairer of violins, violas, cellos, guitars and mandolins. He has had over forty years' experience.

Mr. J. H. Renwick, pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt and late organist of St. Philip's church, Spadina avenue, left for St. Thomas on Wednesday last to assume the position of organist and choirmaster of the First Methodist church of that city. Mr. Renwick's new appointment is

considered one of the best in Western Ontario, the congregation of the church being very large and influential. Before leaving Toronto Mr. Renwick was presented with a valuable gold watch by a number of his friends.

The new calendar of the Metropolitan School of Music of Toronto, Ltd., is very tastefully gotten up and carefully prepared. Since the present musical director, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, was appointed, this school has developed in a most satisfactory manner. An influential board of directors has been chosen for the season upon which the school has just entered, among which are included the following: President, Thomas Crawford, M.P.P.; vice-presidents, James Scott and W. T. R. Preston; treasurer, W. H. Anger; W. O. Forsyth, Edmund B. Osler, M.P., and S. Hunter; with Mr. Edmund L. Roberts as secretary. The Metropolitan begins its season's work with every prospect of an unusually successful year ahead of it.

Miss Margaret Scott, the leading soprano with John W. Isham's Oriental America Company, which appears at the Toronto Opera House next week, is a creole, and the entire cast is composed of colored people. Sidney Woodward, the tenor, was for three years tenor soloist in the Dorchester Congregational church, Boston. Madame Plato is the contralto, and William Elkins the basso. It will be a decided novelty to see a colored company undertake, with proper costumes and stage



Miss Margaret Scott.
Soprano with Oriental America.

settings, the following selections from grand and comic opera: The Quartette (from Rigoletto), Armourer's Song (from Robin Hood), Tinker's Song (from Robin Hood), Waltz (from Faust), Toreador Song and Chorus (from Carmen), Waltz Song, Calmness of a Vision, (from Romeo and Juliet), Song and Prayer (from Der Freischütz), Ah, So Pure (from Martha), Bridal Chorus and Sextette (from Lucia), I Am Titana (from Mignon), Hunting Scene (from Dorothy).

I have received from the composer, Miss Adele Le Maître, a march for pianoforte solo, entitled Grande Marche Militaire. As the title suggests, the composition is of a martial character, and is very effective throughout, both melodically and harmonically. Rhythmically the march has an inspiring swing and the composition possesses many features of strong dynamic contrast which add much to its attractiveness. Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. are the publishers.

Mr. F. H. Torrington returned from Peak's Island, Maine, on Wednesday of last week. During his absence Mr. Albert Jordan, pupil of Mr. Torrington, presided at the organ of the Metropolitan church. Whilst at Peak's Island, Mr. Torrington was visited by Mr. Frederic Archer, the well known organist and conductor; Mr. Stansfield, F.R.C.O., of Fall River, Mass., and the veteran Mr. Thomas Ryan, of Mendelssohn Quintette.

Messrs. Lye & Sons, the well known organ builders, have just completed a very effective and admirably constructed two-manual pipe-organ for the Hamilton Ladies' College. The specifications were drawn up by Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F.R.C.O., musical director of the College. This addition to the musical equipment of the College will be of great service to pupils who desire to qualify as church organists.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight have returned from Grimsby Park, where they have had charge of the music during the season which has just closed. During their absence Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., A.T.C.M., officiated at the organ of the Central Presbyterian church, where Mr. and Mrs. Blight are choirmaster and organist respectively.

Mr. Fred Warrington, vocal specialist, choir-master of Sherbourne street Methodist church and teacher of vocal music at the Metropolitan School of Music, has returned to the city and resumed teaching for the season. Mr. Warrington may be addressed at his studio in the Nordheimer building or at the Metropolitan School of Music.

Mr. and Mrs. V. P. Hunt have returned to the city after a rest of a few weeks among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Hunt has resumed his usual teaching, and will this year also visit St. Catharines weekly in connection with the Demill Ladies' College, now located there, of which he is musical director.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson, vocal instructor, has returned to the city from the Northern Lake district. Mr. Robinson adds to his many duties for the coming season that of conductor of the Toronto Male Chorus Club. This successful organization will assemble within a few weeks for actual work.

Mons. Bernhard Walther, the Belgian solo violinist, has arrived in Toronto, and joins the staff of teachers as principal of the Violin

Department at the Toronto College of Music, where pupils may register for him this month. Madame Walther, an accomplished soprano, sailed for Canada from England by steamship Parisian.

An interesting programme of music was rendered at Carlton street Methodist church on Sunday evening last by the excellent choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Willson, assisted by Mr. Harold Jarvis, the well known tenor of Detroit, and Mrs. H. Guest Collins of St. David's church, Austin, Texas.

Mr. W. J. McNally resumed his classes in the study of pianoforte and organ playing on Tuesday last. The Toronto Vocal Club, of which Mr. McNally is conductor, begins work for the season in a few weeks. Applications for membership will now be received at any time.

Mr. Harry M. Field, Toronto's popular solo pianist, returns from Germany about September 15. Mr. Field gave a piano recital in Leipzig on Wednesday evening last, the recital being under the auspices of some of the most influential music-lovers of that music-loving city.

The Toronto College of Music resumed its work on September 1, with good prospects for the coming season. From present indications Mr. Torrington and his staff of teachers will evidently have plenty to do during the coming year.

Mr. A. S. Vogt returned to the city on Monday last and has resumed his classes in piano instruction. Miss Emma Wells, A.T.C.M., officiated at the organ of Jarvis street Baptist church during Mr. Vogt's absence.

The general rehearsals for Mendelssohn's Elijah jubilee performance, to be given in November under Mr. Torrington's baton, will be resumed on Tuesday evening, September 15, in the Y.W.C.A. Guild Hall.

Mrs. J. W. Bradley, leader of the choir of Berkeley street Methodist church and teacher of vocal culture at the Conservatory of Music, has resumed her duties after spending her vacation at the seaside.

Mr. Edward Fisher, director of the Conservatory of Music, returned to the city on Friday of last week, after having spent several weeks' vacation in the Eastern States.

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam returned from Peninsularia last week. He has resumed his classes in vocal culture at his studio, Nordheimer's building.

Miss Alice Klingner, the well known soprano, for some time past soloist at St. James's square Presbyterian church, has resigned her position.

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishing Association (Sydney Ashdown) has removed from 122 Yonge street to No. 88. **Moderato.**

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Bickford has leased Gore Vale for a year and sails on the Etruria to-day to visit her daughter, Mrs. Norton of London, Eng. She will probably spend the winter at the Mediterranean resorts.

* Miss Bessie Cameron has returned from Detroit.

Mrs. R. O. Greenshields of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Williamson of Standish avenue, Rosedale.

Miss Maude Thomson of Walmer road, who has for the past three weeks been a guest at Mrs. Riordan's beautiful summer home in Lake Rosseau, has returned to the city.

Looked Like Hanging.

Youth's Companion.

In a Southern city, a few years ago, a young lawyer undertook the defence of an old darky who had been arrested as a chicken-theft, and who in the days of slavery had been owned by the lawyer's father.

It was the young man's first plea, and was not brilliant in either construction or delivery. The darky received a pretty severe sentence, his guilt being well proved.

"Thank you, sah," said the prisoner, addressing the judge cheerfully, when the sentence had been pronounced; "dat's mighty hard, but it ain't anywhar near what I expected. I thought, sah, dat between my character and pore Mars' Frank's speech, dey'd hang me, sure!"

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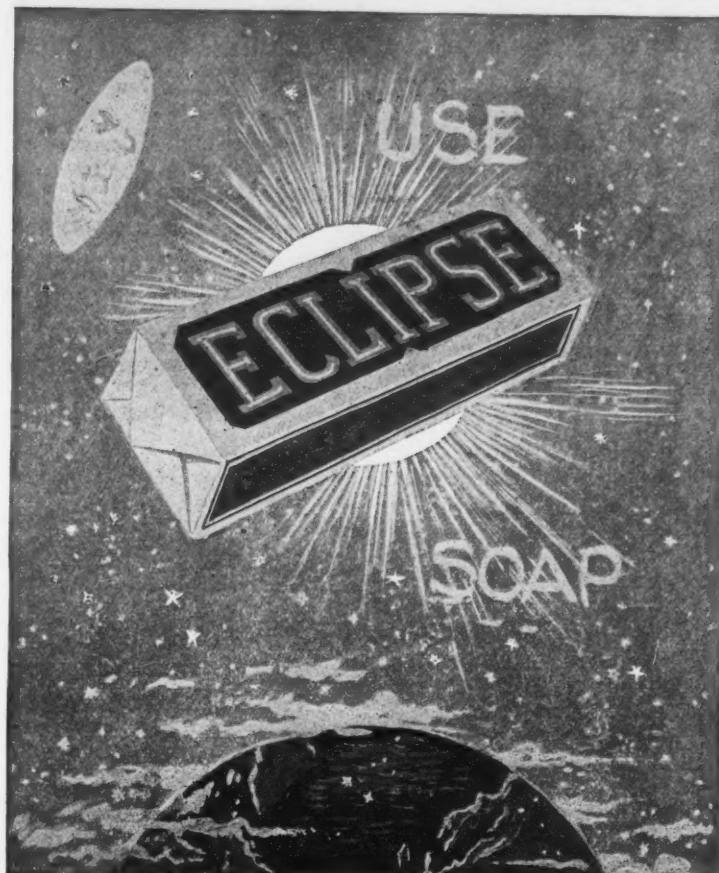
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The Rev. Doctor—a prominent clergyman, relates, with much gusto, the following story about himself. His present wife, by the way, is not the wife of his youth, nor yet of his early manhood, but the lady of his third choice, and, as a consequence, the doctor's set of olive branches spring from divers maternal ancestry. "Such a condition of affairs," said the doctor, "might at times become embarrassing except for the thorough amiability of all concerned. I confess, however, to a slightly disconcerted feeling when, shortly before my third marriage, I was approached by one of my daughters—a girl of nine, and one who called my second wife mother—with the question: 'Papa, will you

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Opening Services, Tuesday, September 22nd, at 8 p.m.

Conference, Wednesday and Thursday, September 23rd and 24th.

Sessions at 10.30 a.m., 3 p.m., and 8 p.m.

SUBJECTS:

Amusement and Recreation in the Christian Life

Preaching Social Problems

The Services of the Church

The Work of the Church

The Parish

Conference tickets, 50c, admit to all sessions.

Single admission, 25c.

Rev. HERBERT SYMONDS, Chairman Committee.

Rev. T. C. STREET MACKLEM, Rosedale, Secretary.

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A Magnificent Display of Bloom.

Torontonians have established a reputation for themselves throughout this vast Dominion for making a special effort to have many attractions for their visitors during the Exhibition weeks.

One of the finest sights to be seen this year (that is for all lovers of flowers) is the magnificent display of tuberous rooted begonias in bloom at the Steele, Briggs Seed Co.'s conservatory, 154 Queen street east. Nothing can excel the brilliancy of their colors, the richness of their waxy flowers, and the gorgeousness of their effect in the masses as they are to be seen there is beyond description.

The display of cannae (which have gained great popularity the past few years) with their various shades of green, purple, bronze and dark red luxuriant foliage with large trusses of brilliantly colored bloom is a marvel of beauty.

Their trial grounds in connection with the conservatory and greenhouses cover seven acres of ground beautifully laid out, and anyone who is interested should not fail to visit them, as there are many varieties of plants, etc., of interest to be seen. We can assure any of our readers who visit these grounds will be well repaid with what they see and the attention they receive.

Beyond doubt the greatest exhibit of Diamonds ever seen in this country is now displayed at the Industrial Fair in Toronto.

It is the property of the well known house, Ryrie Bros. of Diamond Hall, and is a marvel of elegance.

The articles displayed range all the way from \$5.00 to \$30,000.00 each. The last named piece is a magnificent Necklet containing 154 Diamonds, the total weight of which is 50 per cent. heavier than the celebrated Kohinoor Diamond now in possession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Another piece which is attracting most favorable comment is a Diamond and Sapphire Brooch which is an exact duplicate of one presented by the Czar of Russia to H.R.H. Princess Maud of Wales on the occasion of her marriage in July last.

The display of Rings is almost bewildering and includes everything from a neat Little Solitaire Diamond at \$5.00 up to \$2500.00 each all manner of styles and combinations.

Those visiting this great Fair will miss one of its best features unless they make a point of seeing the exhibit of Ryrie Bros. of Diamond Hall.

Among the many attractions prepared for Fair folk one of special interest in the windows of H. A. Lozier & Company, manufacturers of "The Cleveland," This is the only company in Canada manufacturing all its own parts, and it is not only a matter of considerable curiosity, but of very great instruction to see every part of a bicycle—and there are one thousand four hundred and ninety-seven in number—in every stage of process of construction from the time they leave the crude material until they appear highly polished and beautifully finished, ready to be assembled into the perfect wheel. The Cleveland, which is known all over the world as "America's Best Bicycle." Every visitor to Toronto should see this interesting display at 100 Yonge street.

Without doubt the most interesting feature of the Main Building is the Pagoda or Hindu structure of the Salada Ceylon Tea Co. This in itself is well worth a visit to the grounds. It is in the center of the Main Building near the Art Gallery. All visitors are there welcome to a cup of "Salada Ceylon Tea" served in dainty porcelain cups. We would advise our readers to visit the Pagoda, taste "Salada" and be refreshed.

Miss Johnston, of E. & H. Johnston, has just returned from Paris.

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Births.

SMITH—Aug. 18, at 81 Walton street, Mrs. J. C. Smith—a son.

BUTCHART—Aug. 21, at 121 Major street, Mrs. R. Butchart—a daughter.

BICKNELL—Aug. 12, 1896, Mrs. James Bicknell—a daughter.

DRAYTON—Aug. 26, Mrs. Henry L. Drayton—a daughter.

CAMPBELL—Aug. 31, Mrs. A. H. Campbell, jr.—a daughter.

MATTHEWS—Aug. 31, Mrs. Walter J. Mathews—a daughter.

KIRKPATRICK—Aug. 26, Mrs. G. R. F. Kirkpatrick—a daughter.

BREBNER—Aug. 31, Mrs. Jas. Brebner—a daughter.

GIBSON—Aug. 16, Mrs. A. G. Gibson—a daughter.

GARDNER—Aug. 12, R. A. Gardner—a son.

MCLEAN—Aug. 28, Mrs. D. McLean—a son.

MASSEY—Aug. 30, Mrs. Chester D. Massey—a son.

PEPLER—Aug. 30, Mrs. W. H. Pepler—a son.

MORSON—Aug. 27, Mrs. W. C. T. Morson—a daughter.

HAYES—Aug. 27, Mrs. F. H. Hayes—a daughter.

Marriages.

JENNERS—COCHRANE—London, Eng., Aug. 17.

Francis Jennis to Florence Blair Cochrane.

BURLS—BEST—Aug. 26, Charles Burl to Eva Maud Best.

LYON—JOHN—Aug. 26, E. A. Lyon to Mary E. Hefford.

MCLEAN—HUGHES—Aug. 22, Duncan John McLean to Mary Hughes.

THOMPSON—LENFESTEY—Aug. 26, C. A. Thomp-

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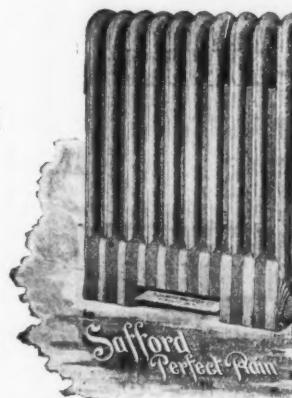
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son to Maria Lenfestey.
REED—TAYLOR—Aug. 31, J. W. Reid to Tillie Taylor.

HAMBLY—CAMPBELL—Sept. 1, Wm. S. Hambly to Maude Campbell.

JOPLING—BUNTON—Sept. 2, W. Stanley Jopling to Reba Bunton.

GAHORN—CAMERON—Aug. 27, C. Larratt Gahorn to Agnes Cameron.

MCHENRY—O'BRIENE—Sept. 1, R. C. McHenry to Katie O'Brien.

BURNS—CHAMBERS—Sept. 1, A. Nelson Burns to Louie Chambers.

Deaths.

HALDANE—At Chicago, on Aug. 25, Agnes, wife of William Haldane, in her 55th year. Scottish papers please copy.

WRONG—Aug. 26, Christian Wrong, aged 68.

MCDougall—Aug. 27, Annie C. McDougall, aged 31.

MURRAY—Sept. 1, Nannie Murray.

BANKS—Sept. 2, Dr. J. H. Banks, aged 82.

WILLIAMS—Sept. 2, William John Nowell, aged 34.

HAMILTON—Aug. 31, Ann Coulthard Hamilton, aged 77.

HARRIS—Brantford, Aug. 26, Dr. W. T. Harris, GOOD—Aug. 27, James Good, aged 52.

MCKENZIE—Dundas, Aug. 28, William McKenzie.

ROBERTSON—St. Catharines, Aug. 27, Alice Robertson, aged 42.

ROSS—Aug. 26, Ann McPherson Ross, aged 87.

CONNELL—Aug. 27, James Connell, aged 69.

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CUBA IN WAR TIME, by FRANK POLLOCK.

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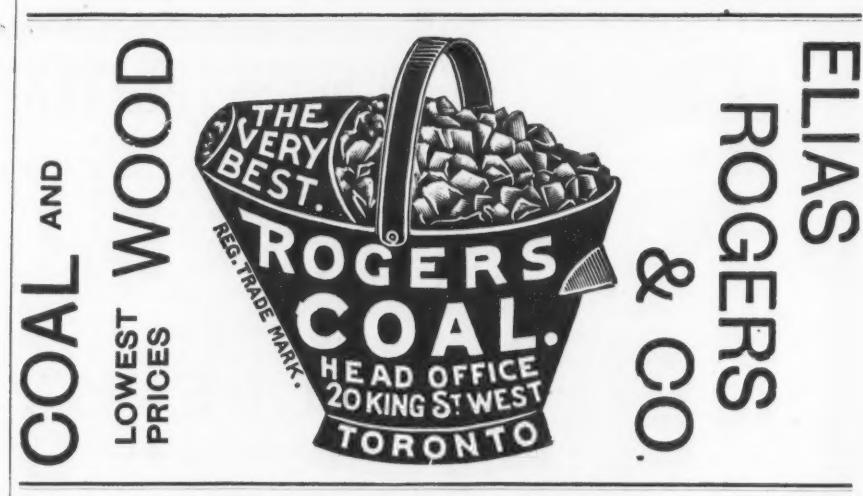
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